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DEFENCE OF THE IRISH.\*

So much of what we call civilization and barbarism depends upon national ideas, and preconceived notions, that the attributes of a people are best ascertained by comparison; and if, in defending the Irish from a long catalogue of imputations, we should occasionally make reprisals upon their neighbours, it would be no more than retributive justice requires, since from them the charges we repel have emanated.

English and Scotch writers, of all sects and parties, have so long indulged in sneers and invectives against the people of Ireland, that it is time to reverse the tables—to make the lion, for once, the painter—and, by comparing the inhabitants of both kingdoms, see to which reproach most fitly applies. To this method there can be no reasonable objection; for, as the English and Scotch are superlative in every thing that does honour to human nature, they need not shrink from a contrast with their *savage* neighbours, as the 'Edinburgh Review' *accurately* describes the Irish.

But Ireland, perhaps, has not been more industriously misrepresented by foreigners than by natives; and Mr. Ensor was quite correct in stating that he proposed to defend his country not only against *enemies*, but *friends*: for to the mistaken patriotism of the latter many of the falsehoods which have gone abroad are to be attributed. If we were not the first, we are certainly among the few, who have endeavoured to prove, by facts, that Ireland is neither the wretched nor the ignorant country generally described; and it is with no small satisfaction that we find our opinions, in many points, confirmed by an authority like Mr. Ensor, whose patriotism is as undoubted as his talents are conspicuous.

The charges usually made against the Irish people may be comprised

under the following heads:—1. Ignorance; 2. Superstition; 3. Barbarism; 4. Immorality; 5. Idleness; and, 6. Poverty. In this order we shall consider them; and, first—

*Ignorance.*—This is a relative term, and bears different significations under different circumstances, and in different places. Mr. Cobbett is *ignorant* of Latin, and Dr. Johnson was partially *ignorant* of Greek; yet assuredly neither of these men is to be accounted ignorant. If by ignorance is meant the absence of book learning, the charge is false; for 'the people of Ireland,' says Mr. Wakefield, 'are *universally* educated;' and, though sensible that this assertion was calculated to excite the ridicule of his countrymen, he reiterates it. 'Lord Selkirk,' says he, 'who is well known, wherever he goes, to travel to good purpose, has seen much of Ireland; and on the 5th of May, 1810, his lordship remarked to me that he was struck with 'the extraordinary anxiety of the lower orders, in every part of Ireland where he had been, to educate their children.' Mr. Ensor assures me that 'education is *universal*.' In the wildest and most unfrequented mountains of Kerry Mr. Wakefield found English schools; and adduces the authority of an English resident rector, Mr. Rowley, in confirmation of what he advanced respecting the education of the people in those districts. Schools abounded every where long before Education Societies were thought of; for the value set on learning, by the people, is most extravagant. They imagine that it supplies the want of fortune, and other advantages; and that it always ensures to its possessor honour, applause, and riches. This opinion is still prevalent, notwithstanding numerous and melancholy proofs of its falsity.

\* A Defence of the Irish, and the Means of their Redemption. By George Ensor, Esq. Scully, Dublin, 1825.

'It is monstrous,' says Mr. Ensor, 'to imagine that the Catholic clergy are inimical to the education of their flocks, because they did not leap at Mr. Orde's impudent project; or at this or that wily machination. With one voice, the Dissenters protested against Mr. Brougham's Bill, because it subjected education to the authority or auspices of the Established Church: yet, who ever slandered the Dissenting teachers by saying they wished to keep their hearers clouded or overwhelmed with ignorance? The Catholic clergy could not be so absurd and self-destructive as to oppose the education of the Catholic people. To impede the education of any class is to obstruct the industry, the ingenuity, the credit, and consequence of that class; for education renders men methodical, moral, inventive, apt for all purposes, abounding in resource, confident in each other, and powerful by a community of knowledge and interest. Education multiplies a nation's ability a hundred fold.

'No falsehood is more notorious, than that the Catholics, lay or clerical, are adverse to education; if so, how did knowledge advance when Europe was Catholic? In 652, many English were sent to monasteries in France to be educated.—*Monast. Angl.* s. 1. p. 89. In 829, schools were established, by edict, in Pavia, Turin, Cremona, Florence, Verona, Vicenza; and St. Benedict, it is said, had, in the eleventh century, five thousand scholars.

'This slanderous abuse of the Catholic clergy, besides gratifying a general malignity, is directly aimed against the emancipation of the Catholics; for it is held that education must be preliminary to their

relief. Yet, amidst this general reproof of the Catholic clergy, and of hypocritical sorrow for the ignorant people, (whom the 'Edinburgh Review' assures us are ignorant, No. lxxiii. p. 61, and full of intelligence, p. 66,) circumstances transpire which suggest, that if the Irish are ignorant, they are not singular in their deficiency. By a report respecting education in the Highlands,\* the expression "instructed Scotch" must be applied to that people with some qualification. In short, by the statement, not one in ten in the Highlands can read the Bible, which the 'Quarterly Review' considers a recompense for some years' disastrous commorancy about the North Pole; as the reviewer consoles the nation for the second unsuccessful voyage by saying, that, on the return of the ships, "every man on board could read his Bible;" No. lix. p. 243. Neither are the English all learned Thebans. At the last election for a common councilman for Farringdon Without, three of the voters of this great ward, in this great city, in one day, declared their inability to read a single word; and the members of this ward showed their natural talents and acquired ability by preferring Butterworth to Galloway.

'Circumstances still more appalling also transpire† occasionally, which prove that the English and Scotch are not so literate, generally, as the Irish. To counteract this impression, supercilious critics affirm that book instruction is not education; and others affirm that the Irish keep schools in ditches and hedges, as if this did not honour their love of learning, and reproach their masters; while a legislator (a friend to the Catholics,—such are their

\* Dr. Baird communicated to the Presbytery of Edinburgh, that in Gleneg, of 70,000 people, 50,000 could not read: that in a parish consisting of 1,800 persons, 60 only could read; and in another of 3,000, 200 only could read; so of Argyle, Aberdeen, Caithness, Moray, &c.

† Mr. Newenham ascertained, that in Cloyne and Ross there were 316 schools, containing 21,892 scholars. Bishop Jebb, in his primary visitation sermon, said, 'the people of Munster have a deep thirst after knowledge;' p. 36. The Kildare-street Society are the declared enemies of hedge-schools. They say, 'In the infancy of the institution, and whilst the society received but a small degree of co-operation from the gentry throughout the country, it was found necessary, in order to rescue the children of the lower orders from absolute idleness, or (what is perhaps worse) hedge-schools, which abounded every where in Ireland,' &c.—Twelfth Report of the Society in 1824, p. 21. From the sequel it appears, that the great evil of those schools was, that they were not under the control and superintendence of Mr. Goulburn's valuable establishment. This Twelfth Report is a happy specimen of self-eulogy:—'The Committee have the satisfaction to state,' &c. p. 21. 'The Society has been peculiarly fortunate in their appointments,' &c. p. 27. 'Their satisfaction from their inspectors' reports,' &c. The information of the Munster inspector 'has been peculiarly pleasing,' p. 29. 'Your Committee feel quite satisfied of the beneficial results of the cheap book department,' p. 30. Finally, they express their approbation of all their officers, &c. p. 31. This is a *flash* report, in which the artists want terms as they want matter; but they are thrice satisfied; and if they can obtain a larger donation from Parliament next session, their satisfaction will be quadrupled.



friends!—a virtual representative of the Catholics, and an “arch knave at a nominative case,”) declared, that the school-books of the Irish consisted of “Joe Miller,” “Laugh and be Fat,” &c. Why not? The jocular regis was once an eminent officer in the royal household. This inspector of primers in ditch-schools (for he speaks from personal knowledge) affirmed that he saw “Moll Flanders” in the boys’ hands; and he might see the “Williamite” in great endowed schools of this country, according to my personal knowledge. Of “Moll Flanders” I know nothing; but I could not suppose the contents of a book by Defoe could be more immoral than Moll Flagon, who figures in the “Lord of the Manor,” and is represented on the stage. If the government object to “Moll Flanders,” let them employ some of their literary ministers to compose a life of Moll Doyle; the crown office can afford valuable materials; and some Sir Richard Musgrave will not fail to make it fitting to be said or sung in Kildare-street schools, abounding alike with loyalty and true religion. But the whole is a rhetorical flourish, much like Hotspur’s “world of figures.” That such books are taught in Catholic schools is universally and absolutely denied. Yet, thanks to this friend of the Catholics, the charge at last excited the spirit of the whole people; and such has been the throng of testimonies to the education of the Irish, that they exceed my means of offering an abstract of their amount.\*

Overpowered by attestations in proof of the universality of education in Ireland, the Scotch philosophers (such philosophers!) have admitted the fact, but still they justify their charge by objecting to the *quality* of education dealt out in hedge schools.\* Reading and writing are, at all events, the rudiments of knowledge; and if these, as the reviewers say, have been taught out of improper sources, it is strange that the usual results of perverted instruction have not followed; for we shall see by-and-by, in spite of ‘Moll Flanders,’ that the people are, at least, as moral as their neighbours.

As the shrewdness and capacity of

the Irish are generally admitted, it is needless to answer the charges which have been made against their ignorance in those arts which have been brought to perfection in England. Mechanical knowledge is partly accidental; and Irish artisans, under the most adverse circumstances, are generally as good workmen as the English. Irish linen is inferior to none in the world; and Irish silks and poplins are, or at least were, far superior to those of Great Britain. In agriculture, however, it must be admitted that, nearly throughout Ireland, a very bad system prevails, and we are not unwilling that reproach should be universal until it be altered. Ireland must depend upon her agriculture, and her farmers could not be too soon *taught* that it is in their power to double, if not quadruple, the productions of the earth. Slovenly husbandry, however, is not confined to Ireland. In Oxfordshire we have seen farm-work done as imperfectly as in Cork; and France, in point of agricultural skill, is very inferior to Ireland. Mr. Cobbett saw females employed, in the fields of the ‘Great Nation,’ spreading manure with their hands.

*Superstition.*—This word, in the usual acceptation, when applied to Ireland, signifies Catholicism; and, if the religion of the people be an evil, we can see little hopes of eradicating it, for there is no prospect of their being induced to embrace the doctrines of the Established Church. We are no theologians, and shall argue this question, as Mr. Ensor says, logically. We leave the task of vindicating the abstract truths of Catholicity to its own divines, and propose only to defend the Irish people, whose blind credulity and superstition have excited such compassion in the breast of young Noel, Earl Roden, and the Rev. Joseph Ivimey.† The last gentleman was secretary to a society for proselyting the Irish.

\* These schools are not kept under a hedge, as some ignorantly suppose; though we cannot see any reason why a boy could not learn to read as soon under a shady tree, as under a slated roof.

† This Rev. Gentleman has lately approved of, and affixed his signature to, a blasphemous and nonsensical tract, published by a youth named *Benjamin Lawson*, who was, it is intimated, *miraculously restored* to his speech, after being deprived of it by scrofula.

The first charge made in proof of Irish superstition, or, as some have it, fanaticism, is the credulity of the people in believing in miracles. We are no advocates for Prince Hohenlohe, but yet we are at a loss to discover the consistency of those who circumscribe the apostolical power, and would have every man read and believe the Bible. Christianity has no supporter but miracles; and miracles preceded the conversion of all nations who have at any time embraced the doctrines of Christ. That this power, which, according to Protestant and Catholic divines, once existed, has ceased, we have no proofs; and Mr. Southey, in his 'Life of Wesley,' seems to wish, that supernatural things had been more frequent in these days of infidelity.

'The Irish,' says our author, 'are charged with credulity, as if all nations had reached the consummation of pure intelligence; and some occurrences in Ireland have excited extraordinary animadversion. The last on record is, that a mad priest attempted to exorcise a child, who, he said, was demoniac. Is this illusion so enormous, even if the man were not insane? To be possessed by devils was a common infirmity; and whence the proof or the intimation that the malady has ceased? On the contrary, bishop Hurd rather sustains the affirmative. He writes, "that, for any thing we know, he (the devil) may (still) operate in the way of possessing. I do not see on what certain grounds any man can deny."—Sermons, v. iii. p. 239. While this bishop favours the entry of devils into human beings, Bishop Porteus, in paraphrasing the 10th verse in the 18th chapter of Matthew, adopts the popular notion of guardian angels.'

Much ignorance prevails respecting the doctrine of the Church of Rome on this point, and Protestants would scarcely believe that it is optional with a Catholic to give credit to these miracles: yet, nothing more true. They are bound to believe that the power of working miracles remains in the Church; but they are left to exercise their individual judgments respecting what is or is not an intervention of Divine Providence. Apart from all religious considerations, there was something about the miracles of Prince Hohenlohe suffi-

cient to create surprise. The 'Edinburgh Review,' while treating them with derision, admits that they were *wonderful*; and more than one physician has published treatises, to prove that the Hohenlohe cures *might* have taken place through the operation of natural causes. It does not, therefore, imply either superstition or ignorance, in an ordinary Christian, to look upon them as miraculous; unless we suppose every man to be acquainted with the nervous system, as well as anatomy. Even Dr. Crampton does not absolutely say that Nature effected the cure; he only shows that it was, according to his opinion, adequate to the operation; and leaves his readers to attribute it to what they please, for it certainly was not owing to medicine.

To impute ignorance to the people, in consequence of their credulity on this occasion, implies a want of knowledge. 'They know not man,' says Mr. Ensor, 'who make such observations; and they want humanity and honesty, who, on such casual circumstances, reflect on a whole nation. Man is a motley creature; and some of the ablest, as Agrippa and Cardan, seem to have reached at once the extremes of folly and philosophy. Consider the fatuity of whole regions, with the eternity of the delusion, and the occasional credulity unconnected with religious opinions, which have commanded numerous votaries in the superior ranks of society. Mesmer imposed not only on the multitude, but many eminent physicians espoused his doctrine of the efficacy of the magnet in medicine. The French Government offered to purchase the secret from him, which he declined, but afterwards he sold the vain nostrum for 30,000*l.* to three hundred pupils, who, in their turn, became heads of magnetic schools. Then there was Perkins and his metallic tractors, and the certificates of medical men in favour of their virtue: and Greatrix, the Stroaker. All this should teach sneerers and scoffers that men may be very foolish, and very sincere.' Dr. Adam Clarke, a man of extensive erudition and acknowledged talents, has recorded his



belief in a modern miracle.\* With this fact before them, the Methodists should not have been found among the ranks of those who have endeavoured to bring the Catholics into contempt for believing in the cures of Prince Hohenlohe.

But, it would appear, that the anger of Protestants arises from a

selfish motive. They wish to monopolize all the miracles to themselves; and, with something like a spirit of trade, cry down the cures of the German, that they might secure the market for themselves. To extract accounts of all the Protestant miracles, although prohibited by Act of Parliament, which have been recorded

\* The following is Dr. Adam Clarke's account of the *miraculous* growth of a woman's hair:—'Margaret Horne, an inhabitant of St. Peter du Port, in the Isle of Guernsey (a woman of unblemished character, about seventy years of age), came to me to Les Terres, in June, 1787, to be electrified, hoping it would cure her of a settled deafness, by which she had been long afflicted. I gave her a few gentle shocks through the head, which were followed by such a severe head-ache as deterred her from making a second trial. This continued till the latter end of the same month, when, in a very singular manner, she was cured of *that*, together with a severe pain in her stomach and bowels, by which she had been long much distressed.

'One Saturday evening, about the end of June, having combed out her grey hair, and, according to her custom, tied it on the top of her head (which it would barely do, being very short), she went to bed, and the next morning was astonished to find, on taking off her cap, that her hair had, in the night, increased eight or ten inches in length. She immediately called Mrs. Johnson, in whose house she lodged, who, viewing it, was equally astonished, being perfectly acquainted with its former shortness. She now found that she could not conveniently put on her cap, her hair being so much increased beyond its former bulk; this induced her on Monday morning to cut off six or eight inches of the miraculous lock.

'The same day she was seized with a severe sickness, which constrained her to take to her bed, and induced her to exclaim thus to Mrs. Johnson and some of her neighbours: "The Lord wrought a miracle for me, in causing my hair to grow so suddenly; but I have cut it off, and regarded not the operation of his hands, and now he has visited, and in judgment afflicted me. O Lord! if thou wilt once more cause it to grow, I will keep it as a token of thy mercy as long as I live!" This was on Monday evening; on Tuesday morning she found the pain in her head entirely gone, together with that in her stomach and bowels before mentioned. On examining her hair, she found it had once more grown eight or ten inches! Since that time her bodily strength has been so amazingly increased, that she solemnly assured me, "She found her health and vigour nearly equal to what she possessed in the prime of life." Indeed, I have been surprised to see her strength and activity evidenced in walking sometimes before me up the hill from Les Terres, being before well acquainted with the poor state of her health.

'This *miraculous lock* (for so I must term it) is of a colour different from the rest of her hair. The other part is entirely white, but this is of a very fine brown, only a little mottled with grey. This is the real fact, of which there may be every attestation which the nature of the thing is capable of. The circumstances as above I have taken from the conjoint testimony of Mrs. Horne and Mrs. Johnson, who are both members of our Society in St. Peter's, and who walk in the light, love, and liberty of the Gospel of Christ.

'There are some, who, not being able to deny the fact, nevertheless say, they cannot see what end God can have in an affair so trivial as this. But, by the same mode of reasoning, they may deny the divinity of the Mosaic law, because they cannot immediately see the design of the fringes, loops, hooks, &c. which are mentioned therein; and which, nevertheless, were typical of particular links in that important chain, let down from heaven to draw a world to glory: or, they may accuse the great Sir Isaac Newton of folly, when, like a child, he was employed in blowing concave globules of soap and water out of a tobacco-pipe; for these wise men could not have foreseen that this would lead him to the much-admired discovery of the doctrine of light and colours.

'We, whose names are underwritten, having had a particular acquaintance with the person and fact as related in the above by Mr. Clarke, scruple not to add our testimony in vindication of its truth.

'CHARLOTTE JOHNSON,  
PETER ARRIVE,  
JOHN FERGUSON,

RACHEL DOWTEY,  
ELIZABETH ARRIVE,  
W. STEVENS.'

during the last twenty years, would fill half a dozen numbers of our Magazine. Take the following as a specimen, which we extract from a London religious publication: we question if any thing half so wonderful has found believers among the most ignorant Catholics.

'Mrs. J——s, of Winchelsea, had been much afflicted for many years, with a continual inward pain of body; yet applied to none but the great and wise Physician of body and soul. She laid her case before him in prayer: sincerely entreated him to deliver her from the dark veil she had been under for some time, respecting her soul; to forgive her sins, and take her to himself. But, if it was his blessed will she should be here a little longer, to heal and restore her to her former strength for the sake of the Gospel, her husband, and children.

'On July 29th, 1790, as she was lying in bed, fervently praying to God for pardoning mercy, and likewise for a blessing on the preachers in conference, particularly for our aged and honoured father, Mr. Wesley, the Lord broke in upon her soul in a wonderful manner. At the same time she saw her Saviour stand at her bed's feet, and thought she was going to him; and was willing to leave this world, her husband, children, and all.

'Her hands and feet were cold and stiff. She then prayed to the Lord, if he had forgiven her sins, to give a proof of it in healing her side. When immediately her hands and feet grew warm; she could use them; her side was healed, and her pain gone. She rejoiced in God her Saviour, and sung part of a hymn.

'She sent for her husband, and told him what the Lord had done for her; that he had not only forgiven her sins, but healed her side. They then rejoiced together: she got out of bed, and came down stairs, to the astonishment of the people who saw her. Since that time she has been better in health than for many years past, and also walked in the light of God's countenance ever since.

'She desires that the above may be made public, for the glory of God, and for the encouragement of all persons who may be in similar circumstances.

'CHARLES KYTE.'

Whoever takes the trouble of turning over the religious publications of Protestants and Dissenters will find

some hundred miracles recorded, not a whit less wonderful than this; yet these are the people who laugh at Catholic credulity. 'In this case, as in others,' says our author, 'it happens that those who reproach the Irish for credulity are themselves the egregious victims of the most besotted credulity. In 1809, Bath was emptied of its inhabitants, because it was prophesied that on a certain day it was to be overwhelmed by an earthquake. Last August, Caermarthen was thinned of its people, for Merlin prophesied that it should be destroyed by an inundation. Who has not heard of Mary Toft, who brought forth rabbits, and of Joanna Southcott,\* who raised the dead to life; whose pregnancy was proved by Dr. Reece; whose votaries in London vouched she was pregnant with the Messiah, votaries amounting to many thousands, who meet in a temple having an inscription, "The House of God," in which the Rev. Mr. Toser officiated as high priest, and who still continue to meet in Pitt Street, and in different parts?'—(*Times*, Sept. 10, 1824.) The memory of such things should chastise the superlative indiscretion of the English, who rail night and day at the credulity of the Irish.

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'Besides, does not the Protestant church effect many miracles daily, and, like Hohenlohe's, of the sanative order, by praying? Prayers are offered generally for the sick, and individually and by name also, in all churches and chapels. These prayers have or have not effect: if ineffectual, they are worse than absurd; if effectual, they are miraculous.—(Observe, I argue all these points logically, and not as a theologian, saying that Protestants are not authorized to flout believers of modern miracles.)

'Again, prayers for wet and for dry weather were offered during the summer of 1823, by the Protestant clergy. To be sure, the rain did not then intermit; at last it ceased, and the clergy recognised the boon by a thanksgiving. Now, this implies a

\* A follower of this mad woman was tried the other day at Lancaster, for having taken away a child's life in the act of circumcising it. His name was Henry Lee, and he appeared to be of rather a respectable rank in life.—*Ed.*

† They are numerous at Ashton-under-Line, and at Colne.—*Times*, Oct. 4, 1824.



miracle greater than restoring a young, or even an old, lady to health. To strengthen the feeble, to make the bed-ridden walk, to extract pains from rheumatic joints, are substantive goods, and they are injurious to no one; but to dry the swampy earth, and withhold the torrent, are much more important exertions of power; and they may operate very differently to different persons, giving plenty to some, and withdrawing abundance from others, according to the several crops and soils that diversify the land.'

If we refer to the past, we find the Protestants as fond of miracles as the Catholics. They had their 'voice in the wall' in the time of Mary; and Doctor Maxwell, Bishop of Kilmore, describes the ghosts of the Protestants drowned at Portadown bridge as 'sometimes having been seen day and night walking upon the river; sometimes brandishing their naked swords; sometimes singing psalms, and at other times shrieking in a most hideous and fearful manner.'

In the minor departments of superstition the English and Scotch are certainly nothing inferior to the Irish. Our readers, no doubt, remember the account of the Glasgow witch, given in the newspapers a few days back; and, at the last session in Dorsetshire, a man and his wife were convicted of wounding Elizabeth Parsons, whom they accused of killing, by her art, six horses and a fat pig. Neither is superstition confined to remote districts: it abounds in the metropolis, where such is the credulity of the people, that it carries them into scenes the most revolting. We have ourselves more than once seen females on the platform of the gallows, while the executioner passed the dead man's hand over their neck, that operation being considered a cure for wens. The police reports bear ample testimony to the existence of fortune-tellers; and no later than the 5th of March last the following advertisement appeared in the *Times* newspaper:—

'A child's caul to be sold: the price asked for it is *fifteen pounds*.'

After this, we again say, let us hear no more of Irish superstition.

*Barbarism.*—The Romans described

all nations but their own as barbarous, so naturally is it for people to administer to their own vanity at the expense of their neighbours! Ireland has been peculiarly unfortunate in this respect; for, even at the time when banished Science found there an asylum and a congenial home, the barbarians of Europe looked upon her inhabitants as uncivilized. Anastasius, the librarian of the Roman see, called the learned Johannes Scotus a barbarian because he was a native of Hibernia; and Tasso, in his '*Jerusalem Delivered*,' in enumerating those nations who sent auxiliaries to the Holy War, mentions *even* the uncivilized Irish. The same language continues to the present hour, but no where is it so prevalent as in England and Scotland. The '*Edinburgh Review*' describes the Irish as *savage*, and seems to have borrowed the epithet from a cotemporary Scot, who says, they are 'the most ignorant, benighted, *savage*, and brutal peasantry in the world.' Mr. Black, of the '*Morning Chronicle*,' attributes the barbarism of the Irish to agriculture, and every newspaper of the day is continually harping on the barbarism of Ireland.

As we do not recollect to have ever seen civilization defined, it is impossible to say what is or is not barbarous; but Ireland, compared with the other nations of Europe, is certainly civilized. Sir Francis Burdett says, next to the French, they are the most polished people in Europe; and the other day he called them docile and respectful. Every stranger, who has visited them, acknowledges their shrewdness and curiosity, and crowds of testimonies establish their moral and religious feelings. To call these people, therefore, barbarous, is an abuse of terms; and we challenge their maligners to adduce a single proof in support of their common assertion. If they refer to Whiteboyism, we deny their inference; for, if that is an evidence of barbarism, it is equally applicable to England and Scotland. The disturbance in the south of Ireland, like the statue of Janus, is made, from selfish motives, to wear a double face. The Orangemen adduce it as a proof of the intractable nature of popery under a

Protestant government, and the Catholic aristocracy as an instance of the impolicy of penal laws. Both these are wrong; for Whiteboyism is nothing more than a *rural* combination, similar to combinations among English artisans, and for precisely the same purpose—the advantage of the combinator. It commenced first in the North, and has continued in the South, because the causes in which it originated have been perpetuated in that province; namely, systems injurious to the poorer peasantry. At present we have not room to enter at large in proof of this statement; but whoever examines the question impartially will come to the conclusions we advance. Occasionally, Whiteboyism may, though we are not aware of it, have been mixed up with politics, as Radicalism was, some years ago, blended with all the proceedings of manufacturers; but that greater atrocities, or acts of greater barbarism, have been committed by the Munster peasantry than by the British workmen, we deny. Compare the judicial proceedings in Ireland with the evidence given before the Committee on the combination laws, and say, which indicate more determined wickedness, or extensive depravity? The proceedings in Munster are blazoned forth with the utmost industry, not unfrequently fabricated, and always exaggerated; while we scarcely hear any thing of the number of unfortunate creatures who have had life extinguished or made miserable from the effects of vitriol thrown in their face by combinator. The English journalists are really very absent; for, while they are adducing Marshal Rock in proof of Irish barbarism, they forget the Nottingham Captain, and frame-breaking, some years ago. Whiteboyism, in fact, has existed as long in England as in Ireland, though its operations have been directed to different ends.

‘Foreign or domestic, past or present,’ says our author, ‘Ireland exhibits comparative obedience under its multiplied oppression. Corsica, which was conquered by France, as Ireland by England, and which

contains a population less than that of a small Irish county, exhibited from June to April last fifteen homicides; and yet it enjoys a special corps of *gens d’arms*, as Ireland does her constables. — (*Times*, April 29, 1824.) In other countries, and in England not less than elsewhere, homicides and plundering often proceed from sordid rapacity, from the meanest and most despicable passions—they are robbers turned assassins. But murders in Ireland are connected with rights violated, power abused, authority perverted. The outrages of the Irish are the re-action of intense and reiterated enormities; of conquest and spoliation, civil and ecclesiastical; of a new church and an idle clergy, consuming the income of the original priesthood, and the industry of a mighty population;—of laws, vexatious and unjust, administered partially, and still more iniquitous in their execution than their enactment. Even now magistrates are convicted of converting the worst laws to their own fell purpose, and policemen are arraigned amongst the most daring criminals. Amidst all these provoking horrors, war-rents are exacted, and tithes are increased as prices decline—tithes are increased without any return of service, and rack rents levied by the underlings of absentees, to be wasted in a foreign land. The excesses of the Irish arise from conquest—conquest repeated, conquest continued—according to the Spanish proverb, the thread leads to the ball.’

And elsewhere he says—

‘I deny that the Irish are barbarous, or uncivilized in these or in any other sense; they are most social, free from litigiousness,\* apt for instruction, and Homer considers indisposition to learn characteristic of the savage and uncouth. The people of Ireland honoured song when it communicated knowledge—

“For civil life was by the Muses taught;”

and they loved song when it added harmony to social life. If it be barbarous to oppress the weaker sex, who so civilized as the Irishman, who is romantically gallant?—while, in meeting and parting with man or woman, his words express a heartfelt affection, that fantastic chivalry never attained. Who suffers the accidents of fortune with more temper? His resignation is Socratic. Who more charitable?—None. Campion said of them, in 1571, “great almsgivers, passing in hospitality;” and they are still the same in affection

\* There is a Palaver House in every African village. The Africans are so fond of legal disputes, that their country still deserves the reputation of being *nutricula causidicorum*.



and generosity—the sun shines not on a more benevolent people, nor on a more forgiving. They want gall to supply what one old divine called *wholesome animosity* to the eternal enemies of their country.

*Immorality.*—Here we challenge inquiry, satisfied that it must terminate in acknowledging the Irish the most moral people on the globe. We make no exceptions, and defy contradiction. ‘There is,’ says the “Morning Chronicle,” ‘a great paucity of *English* crime.’ We scarcely hear of a highway robbery in Ireland, and stealing is of rare occurrence, notwithstanding the unsettled state of the country.

‘Compare,’ says our author, ‘the criminal state of the two countries: in England, those committed from 1810 to 1817 amounted to 47,950, and from 1817 to 1824, to 93,000; and what was Mr. Peel’s answer? That the commitments were declining, being in 1819 14,224, and 1823, 12,263.—(Times, June 10, 1824.) Compare these and the calendar of Ireland, and remark the offences charged as crimes in this penal land. In 1823, in eight counties on which the insurrection act had been inflicted, 1,707 men were imprisoned; 271, or a sixth, were convicted; and 75, or a fourth of that sixth, were punished, and their crime was, being out of their houses between sunset and sunrise in winter.’

According to the third report of the Committee appointed to inquire into the state of the police of the metropolis, out of three parishes in the city of London, consisting of 9,924 houses, and 59,050 inhabitants, there were 360 brothels and 2000 common prostitutes, thus making every 28th house a moral nuisance, and every 58th woman a street-walker. Lest we should be considered as invidious, we shall not quote from a late report on the poor-laws, respecting female chastity in the country parts of England, as the following paragraph from the ‘Cheltenham Journal’ will serve our purpose.

‘On Thursday last, a woman was exhibited for sale in this town; but being considered a “bad lot,” no purchaser was found for such a bargain, and she was driven home, with other unsaleable stock, (it being market-day,) unsold.’

The chastity of Irish females is proverbial; and, in proof of the delicacy of the poorer classes, we quote the following from a work by

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no means favourable to the Irish character:—

‘Laugh at me as you may, I cannot but think that there is, among the lower orders of Irish, a delicacy of feeling which is not generally to be met with in the same rank in England. It is not—it cannot be refinement; for, on that point, we dare not enter into rivalry with you; but, if it be not refinement, it certainly very much resembles it, and produces the same effect upon the manners. There is a laughing, blushing modesty about the young women, which is pleasing from its very artlessness; and which, in the upper ranks, affectation often seeks in vain to imitate. There is, too, a degree of decency, a personal reserve, which I have never met with in the English peasant.’—*Letters from the Irish Highlands.*

*Idleness.*—This charge is so absurd, that we shall not attempt to add any thing to the reasoning of our author. ‘It is said that the Irish are idle; and what people in bondage, from the Jews in Egypt, to the negroes in the West Indies, ever gratified their taskmasters? But it is false that the Irish are idle. Could they pay such rents, tithes, and imposts, where there is little capital or encouragement, and where the greater part of the produce is transmitted to absentees, and be idle? There is, besides, direct evidence for the intensity of their exertions. In a report of a committee of the House of Commons, published last year, it is stated, that the Irish people are most anxious to work; that they worked for the smallest pittance—for mere subsistence; and that, when able to obtain labour by contract, they frequently exert themselves to the injury of their health. Such are they at home, while in England they mix in every occupation during the harvest, replenish the manufactories of Glasgow, Manchester, &c. with able hands, and in London they outdo the severest drudges. Passing abroad, they swell the tide of industry and enterprise in the United States; and in the new-born countries of the South, in the second and third generation after their exile, they, with O’Higgins, confirm liberty and the republic.’

*Poverty.*—‘The Irish peasantry, respecting lodging and food,’ says Mr. Ensor, ‘have been misrepresented. One would really imagine, in reading

accounts concerning them, that they were lower in the scale of being than the people of the Andaman islands, or the wild boy caught at Caune in France, who preferred nakedness and acorns to the best clothing and the greatest luxuries. Indeed, it would appear from some hasty sketches, that the native Irish resembled certain toads, whose skins, according to naturalists, split longitudinally, at which time the animal pulls off half his coat with one foot, which delivers it to the other, and this to the mouth. Having devoured this portion, the other half suffers the same process, which is swallowed also, the coat of the last year thus furnishing a repast for the present.

Our author, however, seems to fall into the general opinion respecting the poverty of the Irish; and here we are obliged to differ with him. The Irish farmers, merchants, and manufacturers, compared with those of England, are certainly poor; but wealth is a relative term, and must be estimated by place and circumstances. Capital is not so deficient in Ireland as has been supposed, and the absence of manufactures can easily be accounted for from other causes than want of money. It is not, however, denied, but that shopkeeping in Ireland is quite as lucrative as in England; and the whole *onus* of the charge of poverty is laid on the peasantry. That thousands in Ireland are in abject poverty we don't mean to deny; but to the statement that the whole of the Irish peasantry are in a state of famine or misery we give an unqualified contradiction. In no nation of the world is poverty an exotic; and the poor of Ireland, compared with those of England, are assuredly not miserable. In the latter, a *million* souls, at least, subsist every day in the year on the poor-rates; and we perfectly agree with the author of a recent pamphlet, entitled 'Plain Truths,' that those who talk of the extreme wretchedness of the Irish peasantry do not know them. 'Let me not,' says he, 'be charged with speaking paradoxically, when I say (and I say it upon a long and intimate acquaintance with the people) that, except when a *rare* failure of the potatoe crop occasions real famine in the country, I do believe

that the *Irish peasantry* have more pleasurable enjoyment than the English; and that, for one who has not a sufficiency of wholesome food in that island, scores die of starvation in the metropolis of the British empire.'

A little more prudence among the peasantry would render a failure of the potatoe crop impossible; and a little more care and management would render their habitations much more comfortable than the crowded abodes of the English labourers, where half a dozen families are often thrust into one house. Mr. Ensor is not correct in stating that rents are higher in Ireland than England; the reverse, considering the acreable difference, being the case, while the one has to pay rates and taxes unknown to the other. But this is a question of arithmetical computation, and does not depend upon this or that opinion. An estimate of produce and rent will immediately show that, with common industry, the Irish peasant can be independent and comfortable. This is the only way of arriving at the truth, and not by examining witnesses before committees of parliament; most of whom know as little about the state of the people as they do about the condition of the inhabitants of the Mogul Empire. On looking over a late report, we were astonished at the want of information evinced by natives of Ireland. We are aware how much may be owing to the influence of religion; but, when we find a whole people *honest*, moral, and cheerful, we cannot believe them to be living in protracted misery; for we are inclined to think, with Junius, that an extremely poor man, whatever may be his religion, is seldom *honest*, and we know he is never *cheerful*.

Having now, as far as our limits would permit, defended the people of Ireland from the imputations of their enemies and the admissions of their friends, we cannot conclude without earnestly recommending the work before us to the perusal of our readers. Mr. Ensor's style, though nervous, is not the most pleasing. He diverges too often from the subject immediately before him, and, in his eagerness to multiply facts and proofs, creates some confusion. This, however, is of very minor consideration,



compared with the extent of his information and cogency of argument. Every page bears evidence of his extensive learning, pure patriotism, and genuine liberality. His pamphlet is divided into three parts. Of the first we have made ample use. The second is an abstract of Irish history, apparently suggested by 'Captain Rock's Memoirs;' and the third details the great evils of Ireland. We are

the less sorry in not being able to give any extracts from this part, as the oppressive nature of tithes and church monopoly is without a single advocate, while its apologists are to be found only in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and the 'Quarterly Review.' Respecting the Union, we shall, at present, say nothing, for that measure deserves a separate consideration.

### THE HERMIT IN IRELAND.—NO. III.

#### THE BURIAL SCENE.

'COME,' said my friend, as we hurried down stairs, 'there is no time to be lost; the funeral starts at one, and, if we delay, we shall probably miss the seats that have been reserved for us.' We moved briskly on, and, after turning through three or four narrow streets, reached the door of the 'House of Mourning.' Had we been at all astray as to the place, it would have been easily pointed out to us; a horde of idlers thronged the spot; the plume-crowned hearse stood there in solemn dignity, and the attendant carriages were busily gathering: these would have served at any time as an indication of what was going on. The person whose remains we were now about to remove from among the living had been the wife of a wealthy shopkeeper. She had been lingering for two or three years; the physicians had, from nearly the beginning, declared her case to be hopeless; and what strengthened this opinion still more was, that she seemed thoroughly aware of it herself. All this had, in some measure, prepared her friends for the last melancholy trial. The approach of the 'grim destroyer' had been anticipated; and when he came at last his presence did not produce the effect that is common under other circumstances. This accounted to me also for the air of ease, I might almost say gaiety, which pervaded the room that had been set apart for the reception of the 'funeral folk.' A number of persons were assembled, and they were chatting in the most careless manner about ordinary matters; some of them talking over the news of the morning, others descanting on that

never-dying topic, the weather; and a few disputing, in an under tone, as to the distance which we had to travel. Scarfs and hatbands were distributing, and the knowing ones were busy in securing them: among those who were most eager in the work, three or four were particularly pointed out to me as regular 'funeral-hunters,' characters who, on the strength of a slight acquaintance with the dead, or with the relatives of the dead, ventured, uninvited, to those houses where there was any expectation of what is termed 'givings out.' On the present occasion these folks had no cause to complain. One of them, I believe, missed the scarf and the hatband; but, if he was unfortunate in that point, he had an excellent opportunity of consoling himself for the loss. A large sideboard stood at the lower end of the room, and was literally sinking beneath the weight of saffron-cakes, and decanters filled with various sorts of wine. Those cheering ornaments of the sideboard were not allowed to remain there undisturbed. It was approaching the hour of lunch, and there were many quite ready for the call. One gentleman 'would taste the wine, just to set an example;' another had made 'but a very *dawny* breakfast, and he would try a small slice of the cake, with a couple of glasses of the sherry, to keep the wind from his stomach;' a third refused, but took care afterwards to let himself be prevailed on. There were few who remained with lips entirely dry, at least I took care not to be among the number.

We were at length told that the hearse was about to move, and we all, of course, prepared to accompany

it. My friend and I were directed to the carriage where our seats had been kept. We had for fellow-travellers two priests, acquaintances of the deceased, and constant frequenters of her house, when she was in health to entertain them. This I learned from their own talk, as we joined them. Nothing could be more striking than the contrast which the appearance of these two gentlemen exhibited. One of them was a pale slight figure, with a teasing cough, that came in perpetually to disturb the course of the conversation. He had hardly flesh enough on him to cover the more prominent bones; his clothes hung around him as if they had been made for another; he was young, and yet he stooped as if from age; his smile was melancholy; and the hectic flush that passed occasionally across his cheek seemed to say for him—I am not for this world:—the hand of Death was evidently upon him. Differently looked his companion; plump and rosy were his cheeks, free and loud was his laugh, ample his paunch, and merry the expression of his dark eye: he sat before me as the personification of jollity, in good humour with himself and with all the world.

‘What has happened Father Farrell to-day?’ said he, looking rather sily as he asked the question.—‘He was just done his mass,’ replied the sickly one, ‘as I left the chapel.’—‘I wonder,’ continued the other, ‘that he did not manage it better; he seldom misses a friend’s funeral—he actually seems to like burials better than weddings.’

‘What a gathering of scarfs and hatbands he must have!’ added the coughing man.

‘Yes,’ said his comrade, ‘he must have a fine collection. Why, if he has not got them made into shirts or cravats, he must have enough to fill a stage-coach.’

‘I have really heard that he has upwards of sixty of them, lying in an old lumber-room, in their original twist, with their black ribands about them, as when he first got them.’

‘Good!’ rejoined the rosy one, laughing aloud. ‘Well done, old Father Slyboots! I always suspected him; but it is no matter—the poor

boys of our school are nearly all shirtless—I know where linen can be had—I’ll make a dead set upon the lumber-room; and, if I am refused, as I live I’ll expose somebody.’

They talked on in this way for some time, letting out occasionally the little anecdotes of their chapel. Some of these were amusing enough; they served, at least, to show me something of the habits and disposition of a body of men of whom I previously knew nothing. We had now got clear of the city; it lay, with its spires and with its smoke, far behind us. I was listening quietly to a little story of the rosy priest’s, when our procession suddenly halted. I found we had met with one of those legalized ‘stand and deliver’ stations, vulgarly termed turnpikes. As far as we were concerned, however, the annoyance was trifling: we had merely to complain of a few minutes’ delay. The undertaker, it appeared, had directions to pay for all the carriages: this matter was soon arranged; and, after the horses had been unplumed, and stripped of their sepulchral clothing, we set forward once more upon our journey. During the pause that had taken place I had leisure to look around me. The carriages accompanying the funeral extended to a great distance behind us; after these came a long train of jaunting-cars, heaped with the humbler friends or followers of the deceased. Some of these curious-looking vehicles carried four on each side; while a couple of children, or a favourite dog, as the case might be, occupied the place called the well. Crowds of horsemen thronged the road, sometimes following and sometimes preceding the carriages and the cars.

These gentlemen of the equestrian order were, of all the attendants of the funeral, the most irregular. Nothing could keep them within the ranks. Some of them had probably borrowed a horse for the day; others had then, for the first time, crossed a saddle. Most of them were awkward riders; and, the misfortune was, that it was such riders who were most eager to show off. Wherever a low ditch or an open green field presented itself, away went the stragglers, one hurrying after another, to indulge in



the luxury of a gallop. Neither the laughter of their friends, nor the curses of the old women whom they frightened, nor the probability of breaking their necks, could check or intimidate them; they were bent upon charming the general eye with 'noble feats of horsemanship,' and, if they pleased themselves, it mattered little how they succeeded. Some of them, like the renowned John Gilpin, rode much farther than they intended; others out-galloped their hats; and two or three were left sprawling in the mud of the ditches. The accidents, however, that did occur, were rather laughable than otherwise.

We moved slowly on. The country around us looked well. My friend and I were asking various questions of our travelling companions, when a most inelegant-looking horseman, elegantly mounted, rode up to the side of our carriage: he had a self-sufficient purse-proud air about him, that seemed to mark him for a prosperous man of business. He was rather fashionably dressed; but the hand of Nature had stamped 'boor' upon his brow, and there it was destined to remain.

'Father O'Halloran,' said he, addressing the rosy priest, 'I am mighty glad to see you well.'

'Thank you, Mr. Tate.'

'This is a mighty glorious fine day, sir.'

'Very fine,' said Father O'Halloran.

'But it's mighty queer, Father O'Halloran, that it's not every body would like to be buried on a fine day.'

'Why, Mr. Tate?' said the priest.

'Oh! there's a mighty ould saying, sir,—Happy is the corpse that the rain rains on.'

'Oh! ay; and Happy is the bride that the sun shines on,' added the other, laughing as he spoke.

'Right, sir,' said Mr. Tate.

He rode on; and, before I had time to ask as to his character, he was with us again.

'Well, Father O'Halloran, we're now at the place of our designation:'—he looked bigger as he spoke.

'Sir!' said the priest.

The hearse had stopped; the relatives of the dead had descended from

their carriages, and gathered around the coffin; four young men dressed in mourning-cloaks removed it, and bore it slowly to a distant part of the churchyard. Father O'Halloran and his sickly companion had joined the coffin-bearers: the crowd accompanied them, while I, with my friend, strolled quietly through the new region, into which we were thus for a time introduced. The space in which we stood was thickly occupied: the little mounds of earth rose in multitudes beneath, and around us. I could have wished that each of them had been gently levelled, for, as I trod on the different graves, I felt as if my foot pressed heavily upon the lifeless body of a fellow-creature. Many stately tombstones adorned the place: the headstones were innumerable. I perceived, as I walked on, that the remains of several clergymen were deposited here; and for the first time I observed that they scorned to rest in the ordinary posture of the laity: they occupied a position directly opposite, their feet fronting the heads of the latter. I know not if this is in conformity with any special rule of ecclesiastical discipline; but, at all events, it struck me as somewhat singular. Death levels all distinctions—the grave is the house appointed for all the living—all there moulder alike—the flesh of the pastor will decay like that of the peasant—and why must this miserable emblem of distinction be preserved?—Perhaps, after all, it is only a local custom. We moved on, and, as we proceeded, we were amused by many of the inscriptions; not that there was on them any thing really humorous, but because they, in some instances, aspired to a character of seriousness, where they were calculated to excite any thing but a serious feeling. It was the perpetual struggling after the pathetic, the constant attempt at finery, that lent a nameless charm to many of the compositions. A plain epitaph is a thing that a true Irishman would scorn to write; he must shine, or not write at all—the mere name or age would never satisfy the dead, or rather the friends of the dead. Some of the inscriptions before us were in verse; but never was poetry so be-

devilled: the lines were too silly to excite a laugh, too unmusical to be remembered. As I strolled on, there was one headstone, however, that caught my attention: it was a plain worn old flag, that had probably resisted the sun, and the rain and the wind, for upwards of half a century. A piece had been broken off it by some mischievous idler, but still the inscription was easily traced:

*Good Christians!  
Pray for the soul of Matthew Walsh,  
A poor sinner!!*

To those who hold it useful to pray for the dead, such an appeal as this was quite irresistible: it brought the prayer at the moment fresh from the heart. On me, thinking light, as I do, of such prayers, the call was not entirely lost: I stood upon the grave, I read the lines slowly over, and with my friend I ejaculated, 'Peace to your spirit, poor Matt Walsh!'—But where,' said I, turning away, 'is the use of this prayer? If this poor fellow has not been turned out of purgatory before this, he must now be burned to a cinder—he is not worth saving.' 'True,' said my comrade; 'but remember still, it is a wholesome and pious thought to pray for the dead.' I admitted it. I looked towards the procession, and I perceived that the coffin-bearers had proceeded twice around the churchyard with their burden. Father O'Halloran and his sickly fellow-traveller were moving before them, reciting the 'De Profundis': they were uncovered, and even the careless-looking stragglers who brought up the rear, kept their hats partly off. An interruption, however, now took place; and, on proceeding to the scene of action, I soon learned the cause. The sexton, a saucy-looking well-fed churl was there in all the insolence of office, and interdicted the work of piety; he stood upon an old tombstone, keeping his hat on while Father O'Halloran and all those around him remained bareheaded.

'I have warned you, sir,' said the man of the church—'I have warned you; and, if you don't stop this mummery, I must call in the police.'

'I am but reciting one of the Psalms,' replied the priest.

'No matter, sir, for that, you must

stop: I have orders to hinder every thing of the kind.'

'We have paid dearly for the ground,' said the husband of the dead.

'You've paid but the due, sir,—no one will be buried here that won't pay: this ground is the Reverend Mr. Fogarty's property; it is his freehold.'

'You may excite a disturbance by this,' said I, interfering.

'The police are at the gate,' said the fellow.

'But what harm will a few lines of the Psalms do? will it disturb the slumber of the Protestant dead that rest here around us?'

'Sir, I don't want to argue matters; I shall call in the police, I have orders to do so if I am not obeyed.'

'Come to the grave,' said Father O'Halloran, 'and we shall pray in silence; no tyrant, lay or ecclesiastic, hinder us from doing that.'

They moved onward, the coffin was lowered, the clay heaped upon it, and, as the heavy green sods were smoothed down, the lips of all around were moving. Reprobate even as I am, I felt half inclined to pray, if it were only to annoy the bigoted tool of authority that came there to disturb us: my tongue, I believe, was actually in motion; I know, for certain, that my heart was decidedly with those who sought to honour the dead.

Father O'Halloran joined us as we moved away from the churchyard. 'Keep near me,' said he, 'until I procure you some refreshment: it is getting late, and none of us have dined.'

'But where,' said I, 'can refreshment be had?'

'Did you observe no baskets tied behind the three leading carriages?—These baskets,' continued the priest, 'are not empty, but come along.'

We proceeded to a house that stood within sight of the burial-ground, and then, indeed, I found that my friend in black was no fabler; the baskets were emptying of their contents, and three or four tables were heaped with cold turkeys, cold ham, cold whisky punch in jars, and lots of wine. The jolly priest helped me plentifully to all that I wished. We took a few tumblers, emptied a few bottles of the cheering juice of the grape, and then



drove home comfortably together. I learned afterwards that some of our fellow-travellers kept up the sport to rather a late hour. A funeral in the neighbourhood of Dublin is one of the pleasantest things in the world.

## THE VETERAN LEGIONEER.—NO. II.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—WHEN I spoke to you in my former letter of the discursive habits of my past life, and begged your allowance for any incoherence or rambling which you might discover in my communications, I only adopted a precaution which I knew was highly necessary. I am possessed by a vagrant spirit, which has influenced me from my cradle, and which imparts itself to all the feelings and actions of my existence. Instead of proceeding to detail to you such events connected with my chequered life as I think would be interesting to you, I feel at this moment strongly tempted to tell you a story; and, as you know it is the common custom, if not the common fault, of our countrymen to follow their impulses without much reflection, I will e'en go on to tell you the story.

In the first place I must inform you how I became acquainted with it—for it is none of my own. It was thus then:—In the first action at which, to use a French phrase, I assisted, I had the ill luck to be cut down by a German trooper, who, with a *coup de sabre*, sliced away a large portion of my left cheek, and occasioned that scar which, if it does not improve the beauty of my countenance, will at least serve to ascertain my identity in case of accidents. At almost the same moment in which the German inflicted upon me this well-intentioned blow, he was shot, and the bullet, passing through his body, struck me, and broke my thigh-bone. We both fell, and were so much crippled by our respective wounds as to be wholly unable to approach each other, and to execute the amiable intentions which filled our minds: we therefore lay sprawling upon the bloody field, swearing at each other—he in high Dutch, and I in good Irish—as loud and as earnestly as we could. I confess that, when I found I could do nothing else, I felt myself bound to abuse my conqueror; and, to do him justice, he

was not behind-hand in this war of words. The German is a fine language for imprecations, and the trooper seemed to feel great comfort in pouring out his curses as long as his breath lasted. He died, however; and I was saved from a similar fate by a party of my own regiment, who carried me with them, and deposited me in the military hospital. This was a large old house, which had been converted to its present use with great haste and little care. I lay in a large room, surrounded by companions in misfortune; and, as the progress of curing wounds so severe as those which we had received, was of necessity very slow, we found the time hang heavily on our hands.

Among other projects which were devised to help on its flight one was that we should tell tales in turn. Some of us made a very bad hand at this exercise; others were highly amusing. Among the latter, the most eminent was a profligate little fellow, who had been a manufacturer of farces to one of the Boulevard theatres, and who had joined the army out of mere love of change. He was a bad soldier, and not remarkable for his courage; but a bullet had found him out in the last engagement, notwithstanding the pains he had taken to keep out of the reach of those unwelcome visitors. His facility at telling stories was very remarkable; he was very fond of making his companions dictate to him certain adventures, which it was to be his task to interweave in his narrations. The more *bizarre* and uncommon these adventures were the better was he pleased, because the greater was the opportunity of showing his skill.

One day it came to the turn of Le Maire (that was his name) to tell a story. He agreed to do so, and said it should be called 'The Constant Lovers;' but he insisted that every person present should put down one adventure which was to occur in the life of the hero and the heroine of the proposed tale. This was com-

plied on our parts; and a card was handed round to the bed of each of the invalids, on which every one put down something, according to the whim which struck him at the moment. The card, being completed and handed back to Le Maire, was inscribed thus:

1. The hero is to be burnt.
2. He is to be drowned.
3. He shall have the small-pox.
4. He shall be hanged.
5. After all which he shall be married to the heroine.
6. The heroine shall go mad.
7. She shall run the gauntlet through a regiment of the guards.
8. And she shall throw herself out of window.

'Well,' said Le Maire, when he had read this card, 'I must confess that you have prepared a difficult subject for me: but I hope still to overcome it; I only beg that the commencement may be postponed till after dinner.' This was unanimously agreed to: the dinner was dispatched, and in the afternoon our *conteur* announced himself ready to begin his task, which he did as follows:

#### THE CONSTANT LOVERS.

Without going into all the particulars of the birth, the childhood, the education, and the character of the hero, whose adventures I propose to relate, I shall introduce him to you at once, at that period when he had completed his eighteenth year.

At this most delightful age Felix, (for so he shall be called) came to Paris, possessing no other wealth than a large comb, but which he believed, with the ardour natural to enterprising youth, he would one day make useful to himself, to his parents, and to his country.

This instrument did not, it must be confessed, announce any superior talents for poetry or for music, nor did Felix pique himself upon such vain accomplishments. He had abandoned those superfluous acquirements for the purpose of devoting himself entirely to the more noble and substantial art of dressing hair and trimming beards according to the most approved mode of his native village. His proficiency in these arts procured him an engagement in the quality of

first and only assistant to M. Tranchant, a barber surgeon, who lived in the Faubourg St. Marceau, and who had the honour of reckoning among his customers the gentlemen who filled the ranks in the Garde Françoise of that quarter. It is well known that these valiant men do not stand much upon ceremony, and Felix used to friz their locks at the rate of a dozen in an hour. The department of the beards fell to the lot of M. Tranchant himself, who dispatched them with inconceivable rapidity; and as he was a great talker, and frequently indulged in a satirical style, he was sometimes so carried away by his own feelings, as not to regard those of his patients, but occasionally took a considerable slice out of the cheek of his victim. Some of the *braves*, who did not approve of this method of being shaved, would threaten to quit him; but the adroit rogue, M. Tranchant, had a knack of appeasing them, and would apply a morsel of cobweb to the wound in so delightful a manner, that the sore customers went away so deeply penetrated with the ingenuity of his expedient as to forget the pain of the cut.

The talent of Felix was not, however, confined to the narrow limits of M. Tranchant's shop, nor to the heads of the French guard. He occasionally frizled some of the citizens who were too lazy or too rich to go out of their own houses. Among these latter, was M. Honoré, an eminent baker, who lived at the corner of the street. Felix was always delighted when it became necessary to embellish the head of this old gentleman; not, perhaps, so much for any regard which he entertained for M. Honoré, as because he felt a growing affection for a certain pretty little niece, whom the baker had educated from her childhood to her present ripe age of womanhood, and who listened with a wonderful pleasure to the stories which the gallant barber recounted to her. He insinuated himself so cleverly into the good opinion of the uncle, and into the heart of the niece, that M. Honoré proposed to let him a small chamber on the fifth floor of his house, where he might commence operations on his own account. Felix was not backward in accepting this



offer, nor in returning his profuse expressions of gratitude, to the infinite content of Mademoiselle Babet Casuel (which was the niece's name). He took possession of his new workshop without delay; and on the very next day the goodness of Providence, and the zealous exertions of his host, procured him a crowd of ill-dressed heads, which, under his hands, entirely changed their appearance, and he sent their owners away as content as kings, and as handsome as so many Apollos.

By degrees Felix improved his little abode, and made it as smart as under his circumstances was possible, in order that it might be fit for the reception of the uncle and the niece, who sometimes did him the honour of spending the evening with him. The old man was very fond of playing at 'Put,' and still more fond of winning. The amorous Felix, in order to prolong the pleasure which he derived from the presence of Mademoiselle Babet, would lose every hand, every game, every rubber. Such complaisance was not without its effect upon the maiden, who appreciated the delicate motive by which it was prompted. It is true, they played for nothing but the honour of winning:—and is glory nothing? Felix sacrificed it to Babet, and felt himself more than rewarded by the favourable air with which she received his passionate glances. Things were in the best possible train, and a favourable opportunity was alone wanting for the mutual avowal of the passion of the lovers. Such opportunities never fail to occur.

M. Honoré, who was invested with the function of Juré of the Communauté, was obliged to assist one Wednesday at the reception of the Master. He left Babet to take care of the house and of herself. Of the first part of the charge she acquitted herself with all possible discretion; of the second Love was the arbiter. The impatient Felix, apprized of M. Honoré's absence, presented himself to Babet, with the intention of enlivening her solitude. She received his polite offer as it deserved; it gave rise to some tender inquiries, to which Felix replied with transport. The timid Babet blushed at his ardour; a kiss followed—then vows and pro-

testations—and then they became lovers.

The moments passed in the company of those one loves are as rapid in their flight as they are sweet. The night arrived without being perceived. Happy lovers are conscious of nothing but their own happiness. At length, it became necessary that they should separate, in order to prevent a surprisal by M. Honoré, who, in fact, arrived the moment afterwards. The niece flung her arms about his neck, and the good easy man, who thought the raptures of Babet were occasioned only by himself, was about to return her embraces; when his journeyman, who thought he had reason to be displeased at the rigour which Mademoiselle had always displayed towards him, drew the baker aside, and acquainted him with the long *tête-à-tête* which Felix and Mademoiselle had enjoyed. He said that he had looked through the key-hole, and that he had seen the presumptuous barber behave in a very improper and disrespectful manner to Mademoiselle Babet. The old Juré, furious with the suspicions which this tale gave rise to, and feeling for the wounded honour of his house, called Felix, who came down to him with a gracious smile, and looking as if nothing had happened. M. Honoré and his journeyman soon made him change his tone. They seized him by the collar, loaded him with blows and abuse, and dragged him unrelentingly down stairs to the bakehouse. The distracted Babet threw herself at the feet of her uncle, besought him to spare her lover, and was repulsed with a sound box on the ears. She then screamed out for help in so effective a manner as to bring all the neighbours into the bakehouse. They arrived in the very nick of time, for, at this moment, Felix was in the oven, and, but for the activity of the neighbours, he would inevitably have been baked:—as it was, he got off for being only browned a little.

As his head had been put into the oven first, the fire had not much injured his feet; and of this fact he soon gave a convincing proof by the use to which he put them, running away with all his might through the watch, which had been brought to M.

Honoré's house by the tumult. M. Honoré cried out to have him pursued; and called him all sorts of thieves, to induce the watch to seize him. Nobody, however, dared attempt this: for poor Felix looked like a devil half-roasted, who had made his escape from Pluto's kitchen fire. The watch followed him, but always at a respectful distance, to the river, where they thought his flight must be stayed, and the fire which seemed to devour him must be quenched; but the bold Felix dashed unhesitatingly into the water, which, after his baking, he found extremely comfortable. The soldiers of the watch did not think it worth while to run the risk of rusting their weapons, so they stood on the bank, and saw him reach the shore in safety. They then returned to give M. Honoré an account of their ill success, who

'Bid them be damned in his confusion,' and said they ran like hackney-coaches, and that their sergeant ought to be broken.

O Love, delightful as thou art, thy very blessings have sometimes very painful consequences! (This idea is not so remarkable for its novelty as for its justice!) The wretched Babet, after the exposure of her passion, and the calumnies which had been spread respecting her, dared not go out. The whole neighbourhood knew the adventure, and believed a great deal more. Tormented by anxiety as to the fate of her lover, and afflicted by the unfeeling reproaches of her uncle, her only hope of consolation was in the grave;—a very melancholy plight for a young girl to find herself in, it must be confessed.

Her only companion was a little dog, of which she had once been very fond, but whom, in her grief, she had so much neglected, that the poor animal had nothing to eat; and as dogs must eat to live, the little animal resolved to satisfy his appetite on his mistress's hand. He began by biting one of her fingers, which gave her so much pain, that she screamed out, and this brought her uncle. The dog showed some inclination to bite the old gentleman, who resented it so warmly, that with one vigorous kick

he entirely disposed of the poor animal. The cruel baker then told his niece that the bite was a judgment of Heaven upon her sins; and, by way of consoling her, said, he wished the wound might turn out to be dangerous.

This savage wish was too fatally fulfilled. A short time afterwards the luckless niece began to roll her eyes, to beat her breast, to tear her flesh, and to kick with dreadful violence, crying out, to whoever attempted to approach her, 'Go back, go back, or I'll bite you.' These words, the manner in which they were uttered, and the thick foam which hung upon her mouth, convinced every body that she was mad, and that her madness was the consequence of the bite of the defunct favourite. The people about her watched an opportunity, and, having carefully bound her hands and feet, she was carried to the sea-side—the only, and as was then believed a sovereign, cure for hydrophobia.

While this fatal destiny befell his mistress, poor Felix was little better off. He had pursued his flight as far as Pontoise; and, although he was safe here, he was little at his ease. His once-graceful appearance was spoiled by the partial baking he had undergone; and this prevented his following his former occupation, to ensure success in which an agreeable exterior is indispensably necessary. He had seen some trifling operations in surgery at M. Tranchant's, and he thought he might venture to practise the Esculapian art. If any one complained of a head-ache, Felix offered to trepan him. He could not, however, persuade his patients to try this remedy, mild and simple as it seemed to be. They would have permitted him to take a few ounces of blood; but, as he knew nothing about bleeding, he wisely, and for his patients fortunately, declined to attempt it, expressing himself hostile to this part of the practice. He prescribed, instead, a ptisan, composed of liquorice and dog's-tooth, which had great success, and did nobody any hurt. His medical practice was, however, put a stop to by his taking the infection of the small-pox from one of his patients. The poor man died, although



Felix attended him with great assiduity. Felix got over the disease, because nobody attended him.

He found, however, upon his recovery, that the public confidence in his skill was entirely shaken, and that his occupation was gone. His restless passion tormented him too without ceasing; and, in a moment of desperation, he enlisted in a regiment of the guards. As soon as he had taken this step he wrote to Babet, informing her of what he had done. She had returned from Dieppe, where the sea-bathing had effected a most astonishing cure of her disease. But, alas! all the water in the sea cannot extinguish the flames of real passion; nothing could damp the ardour of the loving Babet. She was devoured by a constant melancholy, and was deliberating seriously whether she ought or not to put in practice the rash attempts which her disgust of life suggested, when her uncle brought her Felix's letter, which he had intercepted. He took this opportunity of reading her a long and pious remonstrance on the impropriety of her conduct, to which she listened, but of which she did not mind one word. He pointed out to her the hopelessness of her passion, and exhorted her to profit by the occasion which the last adventure of Felix gave her of renouncing him for ever. 'You see,' he said, 'the rascal is now become a soldier, and is therefore more worthless than ever. He is a confirmed vagabond, and you would disgrace yourself for ever if you should only speak to him. Be a good girl—wipe your eyes—go to the confessional on Sunday; and, if you behave better for the future, I will forget what has passed.'

To all this Babet made no reply; and the grave old preacher, who was himself fully convinced of the efficacy of his sermon, left her to consider the best means of returning to the paths of propriety. Babet had been thinking upon a very different subject. She knew now where her lover was, and she did not hesitate for a moment between the wretchedness of living with her uncle, and the delight of following the man whom she adored. In a very short time, and before M. Honoré could have imagined that she had

formed any such project, Babet had made up a little packet, converted all the rest of her clothes into money, and, in six hours from the time at which she escaped from her uncle's house, she had safely reached Pontoise.

O miraculous power of a first passion! Babet sought, and soon found, her dear Felix. He was no longer handsome, but his love for her had been the cause of this alteration; and his changed looks gave him an additional and a more tender charm in the eyes of the affectionate Babet. Conjure up now, if you please, all that you can recollect of the most touching tragedies, of the most sentimental comedies, and of the most heart-rending romances;—add to them, if you will, all that your own imagination can furnish—all that your own feelings can suggest;—and I defy you to approach within a hundred leagues of the transports which filled the souls of these lovers. They remained locked in each other's embraces so long, and their tears had poured so abundantly down their faces, which were affectionately resting against each other, that the eyelids of Babet were fastened to those of Felix so tightly, that it was with all the difficulty in the world they could be severed. This, however incredible it may appear to some persons, is entirely true.

But it seemed to be the fate of these lovers that they were never to enjoy tranquil pleasures. Felix was ordered on the following day to join his regiment—Babet resolved to follow him; and the joy of being united made them insensible to the fatigue and the length of the journey.

On their arrival the new soldier was incorporated in the regiment. He applied himself to his duties, and learnt his exercise and to mount guard; and, with the assistance of the gentle Babet, he soon had his chamber furnished with all that was necessary for their comfort. The beauty of his mistress made Felix the envy of the whole regiment. The sergeant even paid her some very marked attentions, which, for any less faithful heart than Babet's, would have been too strong a temptation to be resisted. She, however, treated his proposals with so

much disdain, that Mr. Sergeant resolved to revenge himself upon her. He purloined the watch of the lieutenant, and contrived to throw upon Babet suspicion of having committed the theft. Her protestations and her innocent tears were equally in vain. Her enemy, taking upon himself the authority of searching her trunk, found an opportunity of slipping into it the watch, which he pretended to be looking for; and then, pointing it out to the two men who assisted his search, he conducted the unhappy girl to prison. The evidence was too clear to admit of a doubt, and she was condemned to run the gauntlet through the ranks, while her lover was among the number of those who were to inflict upon her this undeserved punishment. The grief and horror of Felix may be imagined—to describe it were impossible—when she, whom he loved more than his life, appeared on the parade—her hands bound, her shoulders naked, and she trembling, and almost overwhelmed, at the disgrace and torture she was doomed to endure. The execution began; thirty stripes were inflicted; and the blood, following the blows, trickled down the shoulders of the fair victim, displaying the most touching spectacle. What a moment for the unhappy Felix! The barbarous sergeant, perceiving that he did not strike his mistress as she passed him, bestowed upon him several blows with a cane which he held in his hand. Felix, less indignant at this insult than furious at the torments to which he saw his mistress exposed by the falsehoods of the miscreant, drew his sword, and plunged it into the bosom of the sergeant, thus revenging upon their author his own and his mistress's wrongs.

Misfortunes always tread upon each other's heels. The wretched Felix was dragged to a dungeon; a court martial was assembled at the drum-head; his sentence was pronounced; the provost-marshal prepared a gallows; the rest of this frightful picture, over which I willingly draw the curtain, may be imagined. Babet, driven to despair, on receiving the intelligence of Felix's fate, threw herself out of a window of the room in which she was confined. Happily, she fell upon a load of hay, and was not hurt. The sergeant, who found himself at the point of death, disclosed to the confessor, who attended him, the perjury of which he had been guilty. The good priest hastened immediately to the judges, who, indignant at so base a crime, dispatched instantly an order to have Felix, who was actually hanged, cut down. By an accident as fortunate as it was rare, the order arrived in time to save him. His reputation and that of his mistress were cleared, and they were soon afterwards married—the property which the sergeant left them, in reparation of the injury he had done, serving as a portion for Babet. Felix obtained his discharge, and a substantial present, which was raised by the subscription of the officers: they returned to M. Honoré, whose heart was touched at the misfortunes they had encountered, and who now received them with open arms. Happy in themselves, and grown wise by the eventful fate they had experienced, they lived together in perfect bliss and constancy to the end of their days.

This, Mr. Editor, was little Le Maire's story; and, if it amuses you and your readers as much as it did me and my sick comrades, I shall be heartily content.

#### ROBERT EMMET AND HIS COTEMPORARIES.—NO. II.

*Discontent the Consequence of political Degradation.—Impediments to Emancipation.*

My uncle's residence, having been once a place of some strength, still retains its former name. Castle — stood, and yet stands, upon an insular rock, and can be approached only over a rude piece of architecture, which, no doubt, in hostile times, served for a drawbridge.

The place was well adapted for re-

pellling an invader; but, as the necessity of defence has passed away, it now retains little of its pristine grandeur. The outworks were, in 1803, all in ruins; part of the castle was demolished; and a long thatched building, which served as a dwelling-house, had been attached to the part then standing. Nothing could ex-



ceed the grandeur and sublimity of the view from the south of the castle: hills rise above hills, to the right, while a rich diversity of woods and lawns, in picturesque beauty, extend to St. George's Channel. For a lover of nature it possessed a thousand charms; but its situation was, to me, its least attraction. It was associated in my mind with records of feudal grandeur and princely magnificence. Here the heroes, whose blood was yet revelling in my veins, repelled the haughty foe, or congregated to celebrate their triumphs. I thought of what Castle — must then have been. I saw what it was now; and, as I drew the contrast, a tear of regret, of pride, of shame—of what you will—started in my eye, and fell upon the venerable ruins beneath my feet.

Before you ridicule my weakness, remember that I was young, romantic, and enthusiastic. A mother—the best that son ever knelt to—had related to me, in tale and song, the chivalrous deeds of my ancestors; had made my young mind enamoured of their name and country; and how could I view their once proud abode humbled to uses so vile without dropping a tear to their memory? The moralist would have done the same, though probably from a different motive.

Castle — was, strictly speaking, a 'real Irish dwelling.' Every thing about it indicated carelessness and confusion, while the almost total absence of taste and order gave it the appearance of an uninhabited place. But, like men and things in Ireland, it was not to be judged from a superficial view. Customs and habits are different in different places; and though, at first sight, Castle — was not very promising, yet I can assure you it was a habitation where mirth, profusion, and hospitality, held undiminished sway, and where Homer's maxim, 'Welcome the coming, speed the going guest,' was every day acted upon.

My uncle, though not so opulent as his ancestors, was still comparatively rich. He rented some thousand acres of land, part of which he tilled himself, and the remainder he let to under tenants. The profits which accrued from this double source of emo-

lument enabled him to keep up the characteristic hospitality of his family, beyond which he had no other ambition. His whole income was therefore spent in the parlour, while the exterior of his dwelling exhibited evident marks of decay. At the time of my visit he was in his sixty-eighth year; and, though his life had been none of the most temperate, his fine manly countenance appeared cheerful and healthy. His eldest son, Bryan, was a mere sot; and, though destined to inherit his father's property, he was by no means the favourite child. Malachy had early supplanted his brother in the old man's affections; and, as he superintended the domestic concerns of the castle, he still retained his influence. To him Nature had been extravagantly prodigal in the formation of his person; the utmost harmony prevailed through every member of his body, and the statuery might have studied him as the model of a perfect man. But, to preserve the influence acquired by a casual view of the *tout ensemble*, Malachy ought to have worn a mask; for, like the imaginary lady with the Death's head, his countenance was admirably formed to remove the impression his person was calculated to excite. His face had been originally any thing but prepossessing; but, when the ravages of the small-pox had passed over it, there remained as many, and as prominent, inequalities on his cheeks, as those which form the attractions of his native country. A pair of portentous eyebrows lowered on the excavations of his protracted jaws, while a nose of unusual prominence was in perfect keeping with an extraordinary amplitude of chin. To obviate the natural and accidental defects of his countenance, Malachy took no trifling pains: his hair was dressed with care, and his cravat and collar arranged with studious solicitude, while his clothes were always in the first style of fashion. But what tended more than these to remove any unfavourable impression was the elegance of his manners and the politeness of his address. My father often proposed him as a model to my brothers; and during his short stay in London his conversation had made him many friends—even among the

ladies. Of his history I knew but little; he had, I understood from my mother, been educated for the Church of Rome, but declined holy orders, and was now preparing for the Bar.

My uncle and cousins received me with every mark of affectionate kindness; and on the morning after my arrival, as I was expressing to Malachy the happiness I really felt, he replied ironically, 'Oh, you will be quite comfortable; the *Collough*,\* a Knockfane beauty, arrayed in all her native charms, will be your *femme de chambre*; and you will have the prince of valets in the *Bockcha*;† while the *Gomulagh*‡ will act as your Mercury, should any of our mountain nymphs attract your regard. My father, should you grow attached to the bottle, will bear you company at home, and my brother abroad. But, if a rational companion would be more agreeable than either of these, I beg you may command the services of your humble cousin.'

I smiled at this description, though part of it was quite unintelligible to me; and, walking over to the window, I drew his attention to the prospect which it commanded, by remarking on its beauty.

'Ay, cousin,' he replied, 'under other circumstances Castle — would be a delightful residence; but its attractions have long ceased to please me. In fact, they only remind me that I am an alien in the land of my fathers, and that the natural advantages of my country are to be enjoyed only by strangers or renegades.'

'Come, come,' I returned, 'your observations must be unjust. Talents such as you possess need only be exerted to be rewarded; and, if the first place in the country is not attainable, a more enviable station is—independence and respectability.'

'My dear cousin,' he replied, 'you are a Protestant and an Englishman, and know not the privations which we Papists and Irishmen are obliged to endure. Accustomed to the administration of impartial justice, and familiar with the triumphs of merit, you imagine that talents are every where sure of reward, and that law

imposes no obstacles to the progress of industry. But——'

'Englishmen,' I interrupted, 'are neither so foolish nor so happy as you imagine; for they, like other men, have to encounter difficulties in their progress to fame and fortune; and probably the same perseverance here would meet with similar success.'

'I spoke, of course,' he replied, 'in general terms, and, if understood in that sense, my observations were correct. The impediments of circumstances only stimulate industry, as the violence of the mountain stream is increased by the rocks that interrupt its progress; but where law, authority, and prejudice, interpose their influence to mar the designs of individuals, miscarriage is without blame, and defeat is to be expected.'

'As an apposite illustration,' he continued, 'let me allude to myself. I do not mean to say that my talents are of the first order; neither will I affect to deny that they are respectable. My education has been liberal, and the total absence of fortune and patronage are circumstances sufficient to make me diligent. Yet what can I do? Nothing but mope about these old ruins, hunt hares upon the mountains, and vegetate in these secluded wilds, discontented with my situation, a burden to others, and useless to myself.'

'I thought,' said I, 'that you were preparing for the Bar?'

'Ay, ay,' he replied, 'like a hundred others, who propose doing something because they are in want of employment. How can I hope to succeed where so many have failed? The Four Courts, indeed, are open, and the law at length permits a Catholic barrister to raise his voice for a client; but where he is prohibited from wearing a silk gown, or filling the meanest office in the court, is there any wonder that his bag is briefless? Practice, prejudice, and precedent, are against him; and, from their perpetual operation, to contend with these would be to attempt the labour of Sisyphus—to do one day what you had done the day before, and every evening murmur to find yourself still disappointed.'

\* An ugly old woman.

† A lame man.

‡ A kind of rational idiot.



'No,' he continued, 'I have from the present state of things no hopes from the Bar. The profession I have relinquished has in it more of certainty. He that could humble himself to beg from paupers might keep himself from starving, and perhaps grow rich on the donations of poverty: but neither my feelings nor my pride would allow me to stoop to such practices; and therefore I declined a vocation which, however, I reverence and respect.'

'Confess the truth,' said I, laying my hand on his shoulder as he walked over to the window where I was standing; 'confess the truth, cousin Malachy, for I have heard it surmised in London that it was some bewitching earthly vision, some creature scarcely mortal, who first distracted your piety. Say, sinner, was she not clothed in petticoats?'

'I will admit,' he replied with a smile, or at least an endeavour to smile, 'that the ill-natured and censorious have attributed what they call my apostasy to some such cause; and perhaps I cannot deny but they had some reason. With you I will be candid, and acknowledge that most of my unhappiness, and a sense of my political degradation, have, in a great measure, proceeded from a pure and sincere attachment to a woman of virtue and accomplishments. I might, it is true, unite my fate with hers; augment the number of slaves; and stand myself a nucleus for collecting the reproaches of her friends, and the censure of the world. Sooner than make myself,' he proceeded vehemently, 'such an object of scorn and contempt, I would risk my life in any endeavour to redress the wrongs which cut me off from every honorable pursuit, and debar my progress to respectability and independence.'

Our conversation was here interrupted by the announcement of a stranger, who proved to have been a schoolfellow of Malachy's. He had been obliged to expatriate himself from Ireland during the preceding five years, in consequence of his connexion with the business of *Ninety-eight*, and had only then returned to his friends, who lived in the neighbourhood of Castle —. As his

story is a long one, I must defer it to a future occasion; and, as I am not at liberty to disclose his name, I shall introduce him here under the cognomination which he bore among his friends—the Exile. He consented to stop to dinner; and I was not a little pleased by the arrival of another guest—my recent acquaintance, Emmet. Of his business or purpose I was then ignorant; but his manners, conversation, and eloquence, were so attractive and pleasing, that I had formed a very high opinion of his merits, and esteemed him accordingly. Would to God!—but there is no use in moralizing now.

When the cloth was removed, the conversation turned on the politics of the day, and the state of Ireland. Emmet, always the enthusiast, insisted that there were no hopes of redress unless by an appeal to arms—the last resource of the oppressed.

'The patriot and the philanthropist,' replied the Exile, 'will hesitate to recommend the application of physical force to the removal of a political evil, because the benefit of success is problematical, while the misery of failure is certain. Abortive rebellion has ever been the forge wherein tyrants have wrought chains for nations, and by which the spirits of men have been the most effectually subdued. Insurrections, prematurely commenced, have done more injury to the cause of truth and freedom than all the kings that ever existed.'

'Leave revolutions to the progress of events, and to the march of public opinion. These will do their work with the certainty of fate; and, what is more, they will do it appropriately, and suit the light of freedom to the national vision; they will gradually accustom the slave to walk without his chains, and suit the measures of the government to the disposition of the people.'

'It is a principle in society that it must resolve itself into its original elements, which consist in individual benefit and general happiness. This is the end of all society; and to this end it perpetually tends, under whatever form of government men may live; and there is no form from which they cannot derive a portion of felicity.'

city, as bees extract their liquid sweet from the flowers of the most noxious plants.

'But the moment existing institutions prove inimical to general good, from that moment their downfall may be dated; for they then become a tyranny; and, as tyranny is not the offspring of Nature, it quickly meets the fate of all abortive things:—it is either overwhelmed in the general indignation, or it drops all its ferocity, and sinks into insignificance; as Sylla, from being the most atrocious of patricides, became the humblest of Romans. Tyranny can have no permanent existence, as it is always opposed to the designs of Providence and the interests of society.'

'With some limitation,' said Emmet, 'I am inclined to subscribe to your opinion, that the politic body, like the corporal frame, possesses within itself a radical cure for many external diseases, as well as most internal ones; and that the application of supposed remedies, in many instances, serves only to obstruct or impede the progress of convalescence; or, at best, does only for Nature what Nature would have done for herself. But this is one of those rules which admit of exceptions, whether applied to society or individuals; for there are certain cases in which Nature requires assistance: and, though the instances are few, the necessity of application is not the less obvious. The mortified limb requires amputation, and the career of oppression should be arrested. Nature here solicits aid; and, if not timely obtained, death and tyranny triumph.'

'And the triumph,' interrupted the Exile, 'is accelerated if the physician mistake the case.'

'But,' rejoined Emmet, 'there are symptoms and appearances which indicate the disease beyond the possibility of doubt; and, if ever it was the duty of men to oppose injustice and oppression, that duty devolves now on the people of Ireland. Every circumstance imperiously calls upon them to assert and enforce their rights; and, as they cannot be withheld, it only requires an effort to snatch them from the feeble grasp of tyranny.'

'But,' interrupted my uncle, 'suppose we should admit the Irish Government to be a tyranny, we must not forget that it may be irritated to revenge any attempt at self-emancipation, should that attempt fail of success. We know such efforts have already proved abortive; and, if we cannot profit by experience, we must submit to the consequence of error. Your enthusiasm does honour to your heart; and, if there be a fault which admits of palliation, it is that amiable and generous one which springs from excessive partiality to freedom—that idol of mankind, so often sought for, and so seldom found. But, like the adventurers in search of the land of the living, we may, in pursuit of the goddess, discover new regions to compensate for our toil, and reward us for our journey:—we may light upon rational freedom while we are seeking liberty. But what no nation has yet realized it is not a degradation to us to want: and, since the British constitution is acknowledged to be the most perfect system of government in Europe, let us be content to seek admission into that without plunging into the sea of anarchy, to dive after Utopian pearls.'

'Even admitting,' returned Emmet, 'that the English constitution be the best possible form, it does not follow that it is therefore more available to Irishmen. On the contrary, the very attributes for which it is lauded are those that must for ever exclude them from a participation in its blessings. The Irish Catholic, like the foolish peasant in Horace, may wait for ages on the verge of the constitution without seeing the flood of intolerance pass, for the fountain which supplies it is inexhaustible.'

'What,' he continued, 'is the boasted English Government? Is it not a compound of Church and State? and if the preservation of the forms of the constitution, and of its principle, be the same, we must admit that whatever should separate these must occasion destruction to the whole. This is the opinion of all the political writers, from Hooker to Paley; and what has been so often enforced, and so frequently acted



upon, is not likely to be disregarded when Catholics ask for emancipation.

‘Men, however obtuse their intellect, know pretty well when they possess an advantage; and the more deficient they are in understanding, the more obstinate are they in denouncing all innovations that tend to impair or undermine their own privileges. The Church, as established by law, is nearly omnipotent in the legislature; and it is not in the nature of things to expect that it will admit Catholics to a participation of power, when they know one claim only leads to another; and that the man who has once beheld Liberty will not desist until he possesses her. Emancipation cannot satisfy the Catholics; for, though it may put them in possession of most of their rights, it will not procure them justice while the Protestant Church, like a mighty incubus, tortures the people, while it paralyses their energy, and blasts all hope of improvement. The abolition, or commutation, of tithes, would follow emancipation as surely as the dawn of day is succeeded by the rising sun; and so well is the Church aware of this, that emancipation never will be granted.

‘The self-interest of the Church alone is sufficient to exclude Catholics from power, even overlooking its intolerance, prejudice, and bigotry. But, taking all these into consideration, what rational hope of emancipation can the Irish Catholic entertain? Would you have him remain, like the foolish peasant, idly waiting on the verge of freedom for the torrent of interest and animosity to pass by, that, at the expiration of a thousand or ten thousand years, he might step unobstructed into the possession of his political rights?

‘But not only the Protestant Church, but the Protestant laity, must, while men’s interests influence their actions, oppose emancipation. There is scarcely a Protestant family in Ireland that does not benefit, directly or indirectly, by the system that oppresses the country. They hold, exclusively, places of trust and emolument. The Church is open to the son, the Corporation to the father, and the Castle to all. Protestantism

in Ireland, like the pigeon in Paley, is fed by the toils, privations, and hardships of millions. Corruption is the bud it springs from, and whatever destroys that corruption destroys Protestantism in Ireland.’

‘Rather say,’ interrupted my uncle, ‘that it would destroy its luxuriance, but improve its fruit; that it will make it the religion of the heart, and not of the passions; and that it would direct men in the way to heaven, and not to the Court. This is what it wants; this, however needful, is not to be effected in a moment, lest, in eradicating the weeds, we destroy the hopes of harvest. The progress of right thinking, and proper feeling, is rapid in Ireland. I remember when the opening of Parliament closed the doors of the Catholic Chapels, and when a Papist could not vote for a member of the legislature that was to tax him. But now how different the case is; and who shall be presumptive enough to say, thus far liberality shall go, and no farther? Protestant justice has done much in redressing Catholic wrongs.’

‘Pardon me, sir,’ interrupted Emmet, ‘but I cannot admit your position. That Catholic privileges have been increased I don’t mean to dispute; but I am borne out by facts when I allege that they have been wrung from Protestant fears, and not conceded by legislative justice; and that they were bestowed upon Catholics, not for their benefit, but to increase the power and wealth of Protestants, as the Roman bondsmen were patronised by their masters.

‘What have Catholics gained these fifty years? The privilege to vote at elections; but, recollect, they must vote for a Protestant candidate. The privilege to serve in the army, but only in the rank of subalterns, under Protestant officers. The privilege to hold and purchase lands, because Protestants wanted to let and sell them. When you add to these the privilege of going to mass, because Protestants dare not prevent them, you have enumerated the mighty blessings conferred upon Catholics. To call this justice is to libel common sense; and to tell the Catholics to be grateful is to insult their reason and their feelings.’

‘But have they not,’ asked my uncle, ‘been made eligible to certain situations of trust?’

‘Yes,’ rejoined Emmet, ‘the legislature gave them the key of certain offices, but the Protestants remained inside to bolt the door. It was an act of solemn mockery; for, when men are excluded from privileges by practice, it is a poor compliment to make them eligible by law. But the little concessions from time to time made to Catholics fulfilled their purpose: they were the rattles intended to please the infancy of national discontent, but they could not please long; for, as the people grew out of leading-strings, they required something more substantial than the bables which pleased their childhood.

‘To prevent growing discontent from bursting into hostility has been the temporizing policy of the Government. Justice never entered into their measures; for Justice is consistent, and would not have granted to a Catholic in Ireland what she refused to a Catholic in England. Here the cloven-footed motive appears, behind the folds of the acts of parliament. From the English Catholics, few in number, they had nothing to fear; but from those of Ireland, if their constitutional apprehensions were sincere, every thing to dread: yet they neglected the Catholics at home, and transmitted their conciliating liberality across the Channel. Can you doubt the reason? Was it not to bribe the Irish Catholic to forbearance? and, had their brethren in England been equally as resolute and as formidable, they would have experienced the same bounty upon their loyalty. Ireland has received nothing from Government but what has been extracted from its fears by the course of events and the force of circumstances.’

‘A wise nation,’ said the Exile, ‘will expect nothing from the justice or generosity of others, but will hope every thing from their selfishness and their pride. Ireland, it is true, has not received any thing because it was a right, but because it was necessary; nor need the Catholics expect any further privilege while it can be safely withheld by the Government, without incurring national reproach,

or risking national tranquillity. Concession first sprung from one or both of these causes, and, like water, must run on while they continue to operate, till it comes to its own level; that is, until there is nothing more to concede. The progress of knowledge and events are neither to be resisted nor evaded, and these must shortly place the Catholic on a perfect equality with his Protestant fellow-subject. They will then find their interests to be the same, and every benefit to be mutual.’

‘A consummation devoutly to be wished,’ rejoined Emmet; ‘but, like the base of the rainbow, however near it appears, is, I fear, never to be arrived at. Legislators are but indifferent barometers for ascertaining the strength of public opinion—and ours least of all; for an act, before it becomes effective, has to run the gauntlet through every form of government, from democracy to despotism. The House of Commons might pass it, but it would be cushioned either by the aristocracy or the monarch; and, on the subject of Catholic emancipation, his Majesty’s opinion is pretty generally known. Thus the hope of Catholic freedom has not only to encounter the intolerance and interest of one part of the legislature, but the ignorance and prejudice of another. After this, whoever would preach patience would be well qualified for undertaking the cleansing of another Augean stable.’

‘Kings,’ said my uncle, ‘are mortal, and live only the natural age of other men. His majesty, it is said, is opposed to unqualified emancipation, but it is hoped his successor will be of different principles; and we know the will of the king is omnipotent. His prerogative, like the caduceus of Mercury, can lay the bench of bishops asleep, or infuse into their souls all the attributes of Christian charity. It can hush the still small voice of expectancy, and command the vote of every man in office. We may say of it, as a foreigner, enamoured of the British constitution, said of parliaments—“It can do any thing but make a man a woman and a woman a man.” What then may we not expect when George the Fourth shall fill the throne in all the omnipotence



of regal power? He has only to say the word, and it will be done.'

'Hope may flatter,' returned Emmet, 'till ruin approach; but it is the province of the patriot to correct the folly of expectation where there can be no rational probability of seeing it realized. We need not travel far for precedents of erroneous confidence placed in the promises of ministers and the goodness of our own cause. The people trusted once in the saving power of Government, quitted the ark of the constitution on the invitation of an impostor, and sunk in the ocean of slavery; the waves of corruption swallowed up the rights and liberties of Irishmen; while the Union, buoyant on the indignant waters, floated from the shore, a testimony of our credulity and our degradation! We gather experience from the past, but of the future we can know nothing: and it is in vain to conjecture where all is necessarily uncertain.'

'The present king may live these thirty years; and his successor, when he comes to the throne, may be deficient in energy; for we needed not Johnson to tell us that age seldom performs the promises of youth. Two generations may thus pass away, and our grandchildren still live under an intolerant king, and have to do what we should have done for them—*emancipate Ireland*.'

'Where much is due,' said the Exile, after a short pause, 'much is to be expected; but a creditor is not to refuse any sum, however trifling, when it goes to diminish the debt. A small stream, when it flows constantly, will soon fill a large reservoir; and though the concessions to Ireland are like "Angels' visits—few, and far between," still they are concessions, and must in time satisfy all our just demands. This will happen in the natural course of events, and may be accelerated by some lucky circumstances; for a pious man will rather predict good than prognosticate evil as the reward of virtuous patience.'

\* 'Let not England think that a nation containing, at least, *two-thirds* of the military population of the empire, is to remain upon her knees in hope of the interval when cruelty and folly may work themselves to rest, and humanity and justice awaken.—I say forbid it the living God! that victim man should not make his election between danger and degradation; and make a struggle for that freedom, without which the worship of His name has no value.'—CURRAN.

† 'Voice from St. Helena.'

'But patience,' returned Emmet, 'ceases to be virtuous when it degenerates into criminal apathy: and he that suffers deserves neither pity nor praise, when by laudable exertion he could free himself from pain. I can readily fancy a Hercules at the distaff when surrounded with winning beauty; but Hercules with his club, patiently enduring the taunts and insults of tyrannical Numians, is so monstrously absurd, that the imagination rejects it at once.'

'I will not libel my countrymen by supposing for an instant that they are so degenerate as to continue, year after year, sending forward their mendicant petitions, and, in all the humility of suppliant knaves, soliciting as a boon what they should demand as a right. This is not natural, nor is it to be expected; and let not our rulers lay the "flattering unction to their souls" that they can continue to disregard the prayer or withhold the rights of Ireland. She has outgrown her chains, and needs only to make one effort, and shake off the iron of slavery, as the Apostle did the venomous reptile at Melita.'

'Let not England imagine that we, her equals in intelligence and physical resources, will tamely submit to wrongs\* for fear of her enmity—that we will basely hug the chain she has thrown around us. No—Heaven forbid! Liberty is at least worth an effort, for life without freedom is a burden too heavy for enlightened man.'

Such were the opinions of Robert Emmet respecting emancipation. Does he not read a lesson to our legislature? 'When the Catholic question was first seriously agitated,' said Napoleon Buonaparte, 'I would have given *fifty millions* to be assured that it would not be granted; for it would have entirely ruined my prospects upon Ireland: as the Catholics, if you emancipate them, would become as loyal subjects as the Protestants.'

GODFREY K.—N.

RECOLLECTIONS OF  
THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE JINGLE, ESQ.

By Himself.

It was with mingled feelings of indignation and contempt, Mr. Editor, that I read the malignant libels which Mr. O'Toole has thought proper to write upon me, and which you have not hesitated to insert in your last Number. It is thus that I am ever treated; it was the purest feeling of kindness and compassion which induced me to notice, at the Cigar Divan, the person who has made so ungrateful a return for the honour I conferred on him. At first I had an idea of calling him out; but, upon reflection, I thought that such a course would not be wise. I have had some experience of your countrymen. A few years ago I sent a challenge to one of them, and the blood-thirsty ruffian accepted it. 'An I had thought he had been valiant, and cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him.' In the pages of 'The Dublin and London,' thought I, in the very spot where he committed the offence, will I gibbet him. 'Good, good; the justice of it pleases; very good.'

Sir, there is a malignant mixture of truth and falsehood in the story told by Mr. O'Toole. That I wrote 'Hunt's

Life'—that I edited 'Harriette Wilson'—that Mr. Martin's lachrymose orations on the tyranny of men over the nobler part of the creation, and Cornet Battier's veracious epistles to the Editor of the 'Morning Chronicle,' were all indited by me, is true—most true: 'I own the soft impeachment.' But that I ever composed dying speeches for vulgar malefactors, or valentines for boarding-school misses, is—Mr. Editor, you will excuse my warmth—what I will not mention. It is true, that, when my late lamented friend, Mr. Thurtell, got into trouble, I wrote that celebrated speech which drew iron tears down Justice Park's cheek; but then Mr. T. must not be confounded with the '*servum pecus*' of murderers. There was a boldness and originality in his plan, which elevates him to the rank of a poet; and the craniologists, moreover, have proved that all he did was the result of benevolence and purity of heart. As for valentines, I was never guilty of more than one, which I send you below, and which Sir John Stevenson is now employed in setting to music.

TO A 'GREAT' BEAUTY.

Believe me, my corpulent fair,  
I love your fat arms and full face;  
Oh! my heart! your eye kindles love there,  
And I sink in your charming embrace.

The poor buzzing fly does the same,  
While yet inexperienced and callow;  
First burns his bright wings in the flame,  
And then tumbles into the tallow.

Then, sir, as to my person, Mr. O'Toole has most wickedly deceived you—

'Grace is in all my steps—Heav'n in my eye.'

It is probable that I may not pay quite so much attention to my toilet as your correspondent; but then, sir, I have no looking-glass in my apartment. Not that I cannot afford to purchase such a piece of furniture—no, thank God! fifty pounds a month from my friend at the Opera Colonnade, and thirty guineas a sheet from the Editor of 'The Dublin,' would

alone furnish out a tolerable income; but, at once to give the lie to O'Toole's aspersions, such an article would have been fatal to my peace, and I must have prayed to Heaven to make me—

———— 'Like Cupid blind,  
To save me from Narcissus' fate.'

But I am wandering. I feel that the title of my paper and its contents have but a very slender relation to each other; but then you know, Mr. Editor, that if they were too near akin they could not be united. This seems to be the principle upon which



the Editors of the 'Quarterly' and 'Edinburgh Reviews' proceed, and I should like to see it adopted in your Magazine.

To begin, however, at the beginning.—I have one chance of escape from the gallows. I was *not* 'born of respectable parents,' or 'brought up in the strictest principles of religion and piety.' Turn, Mr. Editor, to the 'Causes Celebres,' or the 'Newgate Calendar' (in which, by-the-by, the most piquant biographies are the productions of my pen), and see if this has not been the parentage and education of all the rascals that were ever born and hanged. I will not mention my father's name, because I never could rightly learn it. Like Jack Cade, 'I am of an honourable house, for the field is honourable; and there was I born under a hedge.' As I grew up I was distinguished for my parts. I was an adroit pilferer, and a tolerable liar. I acquired a competent share of learning, and, when my education was completed, I was apprenticed by the parish to a baker, under whose roof I had not remained a week before I broke open the till, and de-

camped to join a company of strolling players.

Here I was in my element: my fine person, my learning, and my knowledge of the world, secured me the first parts, and the best salaries; and, with my heroic struts and sonorous cadences, I frightened the rats from half the barns in the country.

In the theatrical line of life I was acquiring both fame and profit, until my evil genius whispered in my ear 'Be ambitious!' I thought that it was degrading my fine talent to be merely giving utterance to the ideas of others, when it might be so much better employed in enlightening the world with my own. From that inauspicious moment I became an author and a beggar. Before, however, venturing to bring my productions before the great world, I tried their power in a more contracted sphere. There was a lovely Columbine in our company, of oriental, alias gipsy, origin, of whom I became deeply enamoured. I remember writing a florid description of her charms, of which the following are the only lines that I can recollect:—

'Sylph-like her form, yet stately as the pine  
That grows upon the mountain-top, and woos  
Heav'n's kisses to its brow; her auburn locks  
Fell rich and ripe as the vine's clusters down  
Her snowy neck; her forehead, high and tall,  
Beneath the shade of those ambrosial curls,  
Rose like a throne; broad spread her soft smooth brows,  
And her dark lashes shaded two sweet orbs,  
That, black as night, yet brighter than night's queen,  
Shower'd noon-tide radiance round.'

These, you will allow, Mr. Editor, are very pretty lines, and such as ought to have won the heart of any woman. Not so thought my fair Columbine, who, not content with preferring the embraces of a corpulent Harlequin, took every opportunity of treating me with derision. My love was changed to hatred, and I thirsted for revenge. The surest way in which to attain it was to offend her vanity, which would be best done by depreciating her charms. But how to do this was a matter of some diffi-

culty, after the eulogiums which I had published upon them. Still, when I considered the subject more deeply, I thought that her hair, which I had called auburn, was too much inclining to red; and the expression, which I had admired in her eyes, appeared to be owing to a certain obliquity of vision, which I had never remarked before. I remembered that the poet Simonides, when employed to celebrate certain mules, who had won a race, began his poem thus:

'Hail! daughters of the generous horse,  
That skims like wind along the course.'

But, finding that his reward was not to be as much as he expected, he

refused to proceed further, saying, with disdain, that he would not write

upon demi-asses. In this spirit I sat down, with pen in hand, to celebrate Miss Columbine's charms a second

time, and produced the following portrait:—

'An eye, the emblem of her mind, which hints  
Its dark obliquity whene'er she squints;  
Of teeth a somewhat uninviting stud,  
Looking like bits of green glass set in mud;  
A chin, whose length we should undue suppose,  
Save for its loving counterpart, her nose,  
Whose redness looks as if its tip was scratch'd  
By the black beard that's to her chin attach'd;  
A deaf'ning voice obstrep'rous as a war-gun,  
Save when it snuffles through her nasal organ;  
A lip for any thing but kisses meet;  
And then a breath "by distance made more sweet:"  
Locks lank and caroty, yet taught to flow,  
In corkscrew ringlets, down that neck of snow.  
No—not of snow, but saffron hue, which, when  
Those curls twine round it o'er and o'er again,  
Resembles most, in colour and in shape,  
A roll of parchment tied up with red tape.'

My lines were handed about, and were universally read, but, contrary to my expectation, excited universal indignation. The men became the partisans of Columbine, on account of her pretty face; and the women sympathized with her, because they reflected that they might themselves be the next sufferers. I was found guilty of wit, and, had I not made my escape abruptly, I should have been burnt for a poet. I made the best of my way to the great city, where I determined at once to astonish the world, and satisfy the cravings of my stomach, by the efforts of my genius. I was tolerably successful at first. I got introduced, at a literary soirée, to a little fat man, who kept a book-seller's shop in Bond Street, and had

married a wife with some eight or ten thousand pounds as her portion, of which the Cockney poets were doing their best to ease him. I had a volume of poems in my head, which only required to be written; and I thought that, by working night and day, I should be able, before this gentleman was ruined, to get some of his money myself. By keeping in bed all the morning to avoid duns, and writing all the night, I managed to make very considerable progress. I remember that one night, after a day in which I had seen nobody, and had enjoyed no other meal than a thin potation of water-gruel, I was finishing a jovial bacchanalian song, of which the last stanza ran thus,—

'Let old Time beware, for, if he should dare  
To intrude 'midst companions so blithe,  
We'll lather his chin with the juice of the bin,  
And shave off his beard with his sithe;'

when my garret door opened, and in walked a figure more fearful than old Time himself—a bailiff, with a document in his hand which works as woful a change in the human countenance as the sithe of that arch destroyer. I was hurried to the King's Bench Prison, where the first person whom I encountered was my friend the little fat bookseller, who, I found, had arrived there under circumstances similar to my own. I was released from my dungeon by a book-

seller who had purchased Mr. Hunt's biography, and who stood in need of somebody to do the orator's manuscript into English. This, together with revising 'Nursery Rhymes,' written by ladies who could not spell, and writing Parliamentary orations for gentlemen who could not speak, furnished me with constant employment, and kept the wolf from my door. Still I did not neglect my volume of poems. I copied out my manuscript fair—two pages in a sheet, and sixteen lines in a



page ; and then, scorning to make application to any meaner bibliopolist, I determined that the person who should enjoy the fame and profit of publishing my volume should be no other than the Emperor of the West, the magnet of Albermarle Street. Published by Mr. Murray, and puffed in the 'Quarterly Review,' I reckoned upon their producing me not only unbounded reputation, but a comfortable annuity for the remainder of my days. To Albermarle Street, therefore, I dispatched my manuscript ; and, making allowance for Mr. Murray's numerous avocations, I determined with myself not to expect any answer, still less the one hundred pound check as a deposit to secure the bargain, for five or six days at the earliest. Six days—six weeks—six months, however, rolled on, and I heard nothing either of the manuscript or the check : I grew impatient, and wrote a very polite letter to remind Mr. Murray of the circumstance of such a manuscript having been left with him. I waited for a week, and received no answer : the blood of all the Jingles boiled within me. I wrote fiercely, and demanded my manuscript. This was answered by the arrival of the precious packet, together with a note—not from Mr. M. (for the emperor never writes himself), but from Mr. Manfriday, 'by his desire,' to inform me that my poems were the most beautiful poems in the world—so very beautiful, indeed, that Mr. M. felt the greatest regret that he could not publish them.

Stung to the quick, I determined to be the ruin of Murray. There was a rival bookseller in Conduit Street—the proprietor, moreover, of a rival periodical. He, therefore, should be the happy man ; and, to convince him of my disinterestedness, I resolved to inform him that I did not require any money down, but that, if he would be at the cost of the publication, I would be contented with a moiety of the profits. I was received by Mr. C—— with smiles and bows, and volubility. This gentleman talked much and long ; but he had a habit of dropping his voice just as his discourse was

coming to a point, so that the conclusions to which his conversation led were wrapped in Cimmerian darkness. He talked of my fame, and the beauty of my poems ; and then a word which sounded something like 'publish' was lost in abdominal murmurings. He spoke part of a very intelligible sentence, which, to be complete, required the word 'remuneration,' or, as my friend Ackermann calls it, 'renumeration ;' but instead of it were substituted a parcel of vague and incoherent sounds, of which I vainly attempted to collect the meaning. I parted from Mr. C——, however, in pretty good humour on the whole ; but I had not been half an hour in my garret when I received an epistle from him. His letter was not more intelligible than his conversation. Here and there I could trace ardent expressions of kindness, and vehement ejaculations of regret ; but the pith of the epistle was lost in fantastical scratches and flourishings. But, however mysterious the text, the returned manuscript was a commentary which effectually explained it.

I was afterwards doomed to run the gauntlet through the Row. The leviathans, the Baldwins, and a very small person, who happened, during the year in which I applied to him, to be a very great one, were all attacked, but were all too wary and too wise to be caught.

But my communication, Mr. Editor, has run to a very unreasonable length, and it would scarcely interest your readers to be informed of the various arts by which, at length, I triumphed over the prudence of an unfortunate young man who had recently begun business. The poems, however, were published, but were not sufficiently successful to remedy the rapid consumption in my breeches-pocket ; when, at length, the 'Memoirs of the fair Harriette' appeared to make the fortunes of author, editor, and publisher, besides furnishing a surplus fund for the support of the Orange Institution, and the suppression of popery and immorality in your rebellious island.

W. S. J.

## ON THE MUSIC AND GENIUS OF THE IRISH.

AMERICA is not more distinguished from Europe by the grandeur and magnitude of her geographical features, than is Ireland from this country by the vivid wildness of her scenery, and the quick, generous, and inartificial feelings of her inhabitants. The personification of the *Emerald Isle* might be given by the face and figure of a beautiful woman, whose attitudes and gesticulations are less remarkable for their expression of artificial accomplishments, than as indices of that sweetness and simplicity which are almost exclusively found in the pure and unsophisticated state of nature and the passions. This sweetness and simplicity are nowhere more prominent than in the character of the Irish people. Their minds, like their soil, are naturally rich and fertile, and only require the advantage of that cultivation and encouragement enjoyed by the population of this their sister country to beam forth with all the splendour of mental eminence. The parliamentary and forensic orators of Ireland, her poets and her dramatic writers, have contributed to the intellectual lustre of the British empire. Her Grattans and her Floods, her Currans and her Phillips's, her Congreves and her Sheridans, her Parnells and her Moores, have wreathed for her crowns of fadeless flowers; and the music, no less than the verse, of her ancient bards, is qualified to manifest the native beauty of her imagination. The strains of the *Harp of Erin* are too original, sweet, and impressive not to delight the dullest ear; not at once to evince the liveliness of Hibernian sensibility, and a power of fancy to lend it the charm of melody's language.

Diversified as are the claims of Irish genius to the acknowledgment and admiration of this country, it is on the evidence of its *musical* emanations that we here chiefly mean to dwell. In the bardic ages, when the simple unscientific harp, a stranger to artful transition and harmonic refinement, flung forth its sounds wild as the wood-note, and spoke to the heart with the *naïveté* of its own secret sensations, the music of Ireland

was at least equal to that of England, Scotland, and Wales; and the preserved beauties of ancient Irish melody—a melody stamped with a mellifluousness of character purely its own—bear in every bar proofs of creative talent, and a delicacy and force of conception that no less bespeak the tenderness than the animation of the natives of Ireland. Distinguished by strong originality of style, yet not wholly untinged with that of the Scotch, its passages breathe the sentiments of nature, and affect us as much by their eloquence as their euphony. Though the bagpipe is as decidedly the national instrument of North Britain as the harp is of Ireland, the latter was employed in both countries; but the old Hibernian bards did by no means so invariably avoid the fourth and seventh of the key note as did the ancient scaldi of Scotland. This circumstance would alone be sufficient to indicate that the harp of Ireland was more perfect in its scale than that of the Highlands or Lowlands of Scotland. But we have surer evidence of this fact. Fortunately a degree of information has been gleaned on this subject by various modern authors, which throws upon the ancient constructions and powers of the Scotch and Irish harps considerable light.

That, from the remotest ages, the harp has been the favourite instrument with most of the northern nations, is pretty generally known, because of that truth innumerable proofs have, from time to time, been adduced; and our readers will not require to be told that this instrument, always of a triangular form, and in that respect so varied from the Grecian *lyre* as very properly to bear a different appellation, gave birth to the idea of a harpsichord, which is little else than a horizontal harp, furnished with keys, or levers, by the aid of which the fingers are enabled to give vibration to, without coming in contact with, the wires. By various authors the invention of the harp has been attributed to various nations. Bruce, Denon, and Brown, have attempted to establish its affinity with the Theban harp. Martianus Capella found the harp



in use among the Celts in the fifth century; and Eucherius, Bishop of Lyons in that age, informs us that the *nablum* was like the barbarian cithara, and shaped like the Greek Delta. Venantius Fortunatus, in the sixth century, makes the harp a barbarian instrument, distinguishing it from the British or Scotch *crwth*; which seems to imply that the *crwth* was of Scotch origin; an idea sanctioned by the fact that that instrument had but six strings; the *key-note*, its *second*, *third*, *fifth*, *sixth*, and *eighth*; which intervals not only accord with those exclusively adopted in Scotch melody, but impart to it all its national peculiarity. But the harp, in its more perfect state, not only sounded all the notes of the octave, but possessed at least thirty strings; and, by consequence, produced exercise, and a greater latitude for the expatiation of the performer's skill and fancy. By Vincentio Galilei the honour of the invention of this more perfect instrument is given to Ireland. This writer, though father of the great Galileo, admits that, most probably, we owe the harp to the Druidical bards; to whom, as probably, its construction was first suggested by the lyre of the ancients, notwithstanding its very considerable departure from it, both in form and tone.\* However correct may be this latter conjecture, certain is it that the early passion of the Irish for music, and particularly for that of the harp, is satisfactorily recorded by Cambrensis, and further manifested by the traditional fame of *St. Patrick's Harp* as early as the fifth century: and, after the informa-

tion, that both that Saint and Columba made *singing* one of their monastic exercises, we need no argument to show that the Irish have long been attached to the elegant gratification derivable from the 'concord of sweet sounds.' This musical taste, no doubt a mark of innate genius, 'grew with the growth' of the country, and became so conspicuous, that the Irish or Gaelish bards, in the early periods even of Scotch history, are spoken of as having been universally held in high estimation, and admitted to exhibit their talents in the palaces of princes: and in 'Strutt's Dresses of the People of England' we see a figure of a king, playing, in the thirteenth century, on a portable, or chamber, harp, of the form of the present Irish harp; which form, says Mr. Beauford, in his 'Essay on the Capability of the Irish Harp,' the Hibernian bards found to be the true musical figure of the harp. 'The old bards,' says he, 'by making the plane of their harps an oblique-angled triangle, fell into the true proportion of their strings; that is, as the diameter of a circle to its circumference.'

According to Brompton, in the reign of Henry the Second the Irish had two kinds of harps: the one bold and rapid; the other soft and soothing. The latter of these—the smaller of the two—was used by ladies and ecclesiastics as an accompaniment to their songs and hymns; the former was sounded only in the public assemblies of the people. But nothing more than this general description of these instruments is now extant; no vestige of the instruments

\* This author, in his 'Dissertation on Ancient and Modern Music,' has the following observations:—'Among the stringed instruments now in use in Italy, the first is the harp; which is only an ancient cithara, so far altered in form, by the artificers of those days, as to adapt it to the additional number and tension of the strings, containing, from the highest to the lowest note, more than three octaves. This most ancient instrument was brought to Italy from Ireland (so Dante says), where harps are excellently made, and in great numbers, the inhabitants of that island having practised on them for many, many ages: nay, they even place the harp in the arms of the kingdom, paint it on their public buildings, and stamp it on their coin. The harps which this people use,' Galilei proceeds to say, 'are considerably larger than ours, and have generally the strings of brass, and a few of steel for the higher notes, as in the clavi-chord: and the musicians who perform on them keep the nails of their fingers long, forming them with care in the shape of the quills which strike the strings of the spinnet.' This latter remark of Galilei is sanctioned by the present practice of the few remaining harpers of Ireland, who trim their finger-nails exactly in the manner he describes.

themselves is to be found.\* The most ancient harp, probably, now remaining, is that which is said to have belonged to Brian Boiromhe, King of Ireland, who was slain in battle with the Danes, at Clontarf, near Dublin, A.D. 1014. His son, Donogh, having murdered his brother, Teige, in the year 1023, and being deposed by his nephew, retired to Rome, and carried with him the crown, harp, and other regalia, of his father, which he presented to the Pope, as the price of his solicited absolution and blessing. These regalia were deposited in the Vatican till the Pope sent the harp to the first Earl of Clanrickard, in whose family it remained till the beginning of last century; when it came, by a lady of the De Burgh family, into that of M'Mahon, of Glenagh, in the county of Clare; after whose death it passed into the possession of Commissioner M'Namara, of Limerick. In 1782 it was presented to the Right Hon. William Conyngham, who deposited it in Trinity College, Dublin, where it still remains.

Having said thus much of the national *instrument* of Ireland, it is now time to pay the honours due to the genius displayed in her *musical compositions*. Though, in higher matters, she may claim the respect of all enlightened nations, as the replenisher of the lamp of morality and science when it scarcely glimmered, amid the profound gloom of Gothic darkness—when the northern swarms were blighting the germs of knowledge, and the 'Land of Saints' formed one of the few foundations of forlorn hope among the territories of Christian Europe—though her unshaken piety was engaged in fanning the flame of religion, and her industrious ingenuity was employed in the revival of letters, her taste created leisure to cultivate the elegant arts; and while the improvement of that among them, which seems dearest to the

Muses, was in rapid progression, she gave birth to a Conollan and a Carolan, to increase her melodious store, and refine her style. These have been succeeded by others, to whose strains the Irish still listen with rapture; and numerous are the existing proofs of the genius of their country for musical composition. A meeting of the harpers in Ireland, living at the latter part of the last century, was fortunately convened at Belfast, for the purpose of hearing, taking down by note, and rescuing from oblivion, all the old melodies which they were in the habit of performing, or could at all remember. In repeating the tunes of their youth they often wept; for the tender, the lively, recollection the passages produced upon their sensibility—the images of past relatives and of friends which they revived in their imaginations—touched them deeply; and equally proved the delicacy of their sensations, and the power of their art over themselves.

Among these precious and affecting relics were, 'Eilighe Gheall Chiun' (The Charming Fair, Gily); 'Plangstigh Erwin' (Planxty Irwin); 'A Phlur na Maighdion' (Thou Flower of Virgins); 'Anna na Gerarobail' (Nancy of the Branching Tresses); 'A Ghaoithe on Ndeas' (O, Southern Breeze!) and many others of equal pathos and sweetness. It is worthy of remark, that, as the airs transmitted are more ancient, they are found to be less irregular in their construction, and more susceptible of legitimate basses; a fact which seems to prove that the old Irish bards were sounder musicians than the harpers of later times. It would seem that their profession, like every other, was incapable of continuing to flourish under inadequate encouragement; and that as it failed of patronage it sunk in excellence. It is true that, independently of the remains of the melody of their

\* About thirty-five years ago, a curious harp, perhaps a sample of the lesser of these, was found in the county of Limerick, on the estate of Sir Richard Harte, by whom it was given to Dr. O'Halloran. At the doctor's death it was thrown into a lumber-room, and thence removed by a cook, whose ignorance consigned it to the flames: its exact figure we have not been able to obtain. Several gentlemen who saw it declare that, in construction, it was totally different from the harp now known in Ireland; that it was smaller in size, and still retained three metal strings, with pins for several others.



ancient poet-musicians (for, like the Grecian rhapsodists, their itinerant performers sung and played their own verses and tunes), the Irish may boast of a variety of beautiful and impressive melodies, such as 'Gramachree Molly,' and 'Shepherds, I have lost my love;' but these are the offspring of modern genius under the guidance of modern science, and constitute a new series of Hibernian compositions—a series unconnected with that of ancient bardism. These specimens, however, of melodical imagination, exercised under what may be called 'the new order of things in Irish music,' are so many additional evidences that talent, in its higher sphere, is indigenous to the sister island; and that, under the same generous and cheering beams that have fostered British ability, it would prove equally prolific, and not less exalted in its quality.

So well known, indeed, and so candidly acknowledged, are the mental energies of Ireland, by those who have associated with her men of genius, that even if, instead of argument, we had employed assertion, or, in lieu of facts, had resorted to argument, our language would not have been listened to with indifference, nor proved devoid of persuasion. As if well versed in 'Æsop,' as if profiting to the utmost of the moral of his fable of 'Jupiter and the Waggoner,' Erin's men of mind have put their own shoulders to the wheel of

the car of Fame; and, by consequence, require little of the aid of our eulogy. In numerous instances have their intellects and industry anticipated the wishes of their English friends and advocates; but the disadvantages under which the policy of England's government has compelled them to struggle could not but damp their ardour, and, in a degree at least, lower the tone of that spirit for which they are so justly admired, and which contributes to render their country worthy of being politically united with the greatest nation in the world. *Here* we are speaking of the Irish as men and fellow-citizens, not as religionists or politicians; as brethren, not as Christians differing from us in the minutiae of spiritual faith, and deeming themselves hardly dealt with by the adversaries of their creed; or we should have much more to say ere we closed this article. But it was the genius and musical character of that people, that it was our purpose here exclusively to discuss; and, therefore, waving some other points, we shall at present forbear indulging ourselves in any reflections not necessarily connected with the intellectual pretensions of a country, whose orators, poets, and musicians, have asserted the brilliancy of her genius, reflected honour on the empire of which she constitutes a glorious portion, and filled the world with her high and lasting renown.

#### GLEAN-DALACH;\* OR, THE CULDEES' CAIRN.

*A Ballad.*

BEFORE the mild west wind the light clouds were driven,  
And the round moon shone bright in the deep blue of heaven,  
And the twinkling stars seem'd to whirl through the sky,  
As the white fleecy clouds floated rapidly by.

Not a sound was heard on the earth or in air,  
Save St. Kevin's lone bell for the midnight pray'r,  
As it sullenly swung in the abbey tower,  
And broke the calm of that stilly hour.

And, silver'd o'er by the moon's pale blaze,  
The slender 'round tower of other days'  
Seem'd form'd in that valley for aye to remain,  
For time and the storm have swept o'er it in vain.

\* Glean-dalach, or the Glen of the Two Lakes, is that romantic spot in the county of Wicklow, better known by the name of the 'Seven Churches.'

The last booming sound of the deep-ton'd bell  
Had sail'd far away o'er the gloomy cell,  
Carv'd in the steep rock's battling breast,  
By good Saint Kevin's memory bless'd.

The lake beneath was unmov'd by a breath,  
As it lay in the darkness and silence of death;  
And so peaceful and still was that lonely glen,  
That it seem'd not the haunt of living men.

Yet thousands of voices in melody there,  
At sunset, were chanting the vesper and pray'r:  
Not one shall remain ere the morrow's sun shines—  
Not one living, to weep o'er their desolate shrines.

Already are brandish'd the sabre and spear,  
And Norway's dread raven is hovering near;  
And the river that rolls by its murmuring flood  
Shall be stain'd ere the morning with innocent blood.

Already is heard the dull tramping sound,  
As the men of death rapidly pass o'er the ground;  
The flood cannot stay them, they dash through the water,  
And rush on, like famishing wolves, to the slaughter.

Then bursts the wild shout: hark! again and again,  
Like thunder it rolls down the echoing glen;  
The eagle is scar'd as the sound rends the sky,  
And the deer bounds away at the death-pealing cry.

Soon the red sheeting flames mounted high in the air,  
And spread in the mountains one fiery glare;  
The monks to the altar for refuge are flying,  
And the valley resounds with the shrieks of the dying.

The priest rais'd for mercy his trembling hand,  
As o'er his head wav'd the red infidel brand;  
And his grey hair is grasp'd by the merciless Dane—  
On the steps of the altar the martyr is slain.

There escap'd from the slaughter\* not one to record  
The havoc, that night, of the flame and the sword;  
And the ashes still smok'd, where their dwellings had stood,  
When the morning first dawn'd on that valley of blood.

Now the fierce bands have gather'd, the plunder to share;  
The shrines are profan'd, and the relics laid bare:  
The cross on the ground, in derision, is cast,  
And the infidel raven waves free in the blast.

But short was their triumph, for vengeance unfurl'd  
The Sun-Burst once lov'd in the 'gem of the world';  
And the flaxen-hair'd daughters of Norway shall mourn,  
For the warriors of Odin will never return.

'Tis past; and, though many long ages, since then,  
Have roll'd o'er that ruin'd and desolate glen,  
Seven churches' grey walls round the cloghad† remain,  
And memory still lingers o'er each hallow'd fane.

Near yon ruin'd chapel, where waves the tall fern,  
Though their bones rest in peace, 'neath the grass-cover'd cairn,  
Yet fancy, at midnight, still hears on the breeze  
The death-wailing shrieks of the dying Culdees.

\* There is an old tradition of 2000 students being murdered, at Glen-dalach, by the Danes.

† The name given by the Irish to the round towers.



## SUPERSTITIONS OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY — NO. III.

## THE CITY IN THE SEA.

THE sun, on a lovely summer's evening, had scarcely hidden his serene face behind the sombre mountains of Leinster, when the peasantry of Lacken and its neighbourhood began to flock to the wake of Peter Revel, whose corpse was now laid out in his own spacious barn. The 'house of mourning,' though always gloomy, was on this occasion associated with fearful and melancholy ideas; for superstition, ever active, had imparted its terrors to the presence of death. The deceased was the last of his family; for the table on which his body lay had, within the last twelve months, waked his wife and six children.

Lacken, as the name imports, is a piece of ground that gradually descends to the water, formed by the bar of Lough, and lies in that part of the county of Wexford called Bargie, between the little villages of Duncormick and Bannow. Immediately before it stretches out the burrow of Ballyteige, protecting it, as it were, from the waves of St. George's Channel, while the angry waters, as they rush through the bar, keep up a deafening noise, the modulations of which serve as a barometer to the country-people for ascertaining the changes in the weather.\* The scenery here is not displeasing. The waters within the burrow—or, as they are called, the little sea—have all the appearance of an expanded lake, covering several thousand acres, and abounding with fish and wild fowl. To the south is seen, through the hazy exhalations of the sea, the conspicuous town of Feathard, the tower of Hook, and the Mouth of the Suir; while on the other hand rise up the Saltees, fronting the highly-cultivated lands of Kilmore, on which is reflected the shadow of many a sail, as the vessels, on passing here, are obliged to keep near the shore. The inhabitants are decidedly the happiest in Ireland, and consequently the most moral and independent. Their

language is a mixture of Irish, English, and the dialect spoken in the barony of Forth; and which Valency and others suppose is the ancient British. They have, of course, their superstitions; and that of 'The City in the Sea' is not the least remarkable.

The wake on this night was well attended. Pipes and tobacco lay in abundance on the table; and bread, cheese, and whisky, were distributed with an unsparing hand. The practice of *keening* was then unknown in these parts; and the absence of mercenary mourners left the attendants to a more natural expression of their feelings.

'The Lard be gud an' marcfil to your poor ould sowl, Peter astore,' says an old woman, who sat, with a short black pipe in the side of her mouth, near the head of the corpse, 'for 'twas yourself was the gud warrent to go to wake or birn† when any o' the neighbours went to their long home.'

'Poor man,' said another, 'he's had a sorrowful handful of it this long twelmonth, Katty, hunny'

'Faith, Molly, agra,' replied Katty, 'you may say that; for, though the poor and the stranger were ever and always welcome to his corneal,‡ some evil eye fell upon the Revels, and a *cromsmaul* in particular on poor Peter.'

'That comes,' said another old woman, 'of building his house in the path of the "gud people."'

'Fáde§ is that you say?' asked an old man.

'Ich|| am sayin,' she replied, 'nothin but downright truth; for, since the hour Peter Revel built his house in the path of the *Sheeoges*,¶ he had'nt a day's luck. His cow, his caul,\*\* his pig, and his sheep, died; but, as he did'nt take warnen, his children died one afther another; then his maun,†† and now himself. Sure, is'nt it well known that his house is haunted every liven night in the year?'

\* M'Swine's Gun, in the north of Ireland, serves, with unerring accuracy, for the same purpose. † Funeral. ‡ Corner. § What. || I. ¶ Fairies.

\*\* Horse.

†† Woman.

'How is that?' enquired Katty.

'Why, because,' replied the old woman, 'it stands where it ought'nt to stand, in the way the gud people travel from the *wrath* to the "City in the Sea"—that is, Bannow that was.'

'Hah! hah! hah!' roared out a thoughtless young fellow, named Luke Sparrow, alias the Buck of Duncormick, who sat, with Peggy Roach, on his knee, in the far corner of the barn. 'Och! musha,' he continued, 'how ould women's *goster* sickens me out and out! "City in the Sea!" psha! who knows that?'

'Ich knows it, garsoon,' replied an old fisherman, 'and is'nt it a shame and scandal for a *pustughawn* like you to be maken a gawky o' himself, and bringing other innocent people into danger with your hah! hah! hah! just as if those oulder and wiser than yourself did'nt know, ay, and were in the "City in the Sea," too? Many and many and many is the time Ich have seen the chimneys, and the tops of the castle buried in the water, as Ich sailed over it;\* and, troth! there's not a man from Ballyhack to Raskare, would throw out his nets over Bannow.'

'And fade brought the city there?' asked the Buck.

'Some say,' replied the fisherman, 'an earthquake; but I believe it was enchantment.'

Luke, at this, gave another irreverend laugh; and, in the course of argument, denied, *in toto*, the existence of Sheeoges, or fairies. The old women appeared shocked at his scepticism, and in the hope of reclaiming him from what they apprehended a dangerous error, related many surprising instances of fairy revenge upon those who dared to question their existence or deny their authority. Still the Buck appeared incredulous; and, though numerous persons were mentioned who had been in the 'City of the Sea,' yet he persisted in saying, to the horror of all the old people present, that there was no such place. 'The Lard enlighten him,' said Katty, as the Buck and Peggy withdrew from the wake! 'But

where's the wonder in his not believing in Sheeoges, since the brute ate meat of a Friday—on that blessed and holy day, that a dog would hardly touch it?'

This observation was well timed. The people were shocked at Luke's irreverence, but being now reminded that he was a Protestant, they soon comforted themselves by reflecting that his opinions respecting another world were entitled to no respect. The good humour, so lately interrupted, was now restored; hurry-the-brogue commenced; 'God speed the Plough' was played; and the boys and girls were certainly as happy as the spectators of an Italian Opera at the King's Theatre.

Luke Sparrow was one of the few Protestants in this neighbourhood, and though he occasionally boasted of his loyalty, he took special care that it should not prove offensive, lest his residence might turn out, as he said himself, to be a hornet's nest. He went, therefore, to every place the other boys went, except to chapel; and as he had a good person, and was fond of dressing it out to the best advantage, he acquired the name of the Buck of Duncormick. Luke's education or fortune did not exalt him above the condition of his neighbours; and, though he affected to despise the popular belief in Sheeoges, there was not a man in existence more in dread of their power. Passing a cross-road, at night, he always whistled; and if riding or walking by a wrath or mote, he made the sign of the cross; because if it did no good (said Luke), it did no harm; and, since the Papists believed in it, perhaps it might be serviceable to a Protestant.

The Buck being one of the volunteers of this period, set off, in his regimentals, the morning after the wake, to attend parade at Taghmon; and, as he was one of the cleanest and best-mounted of the troop, the commander chose him to carry a dispatch to Duncannon. Luke was vain of the appointment; and, as he cantered on his way over Goff's

\* The belief in subaqueous cities prevails in various parts of Ireland, and no doubt it proceeds from the same cause—optical deception. The spires and towers of Bannow, like those of Lough Neagh, were pointed out to me in 1810, during an excursion from Cullenstown to Feathard.



Bridge, the discordant gratings of his saddle, boots, sword, &c. was the most delicious music to his ears. As he thought of his own importance, he stood more erect in his stirrups; and though the idle villagers laughed at him as he passed, he did not allow himself to suffer any diminution of dignity, but attributed their conduct to the envy little minds always feel for those above them.

At rather an early hour in the evening he arrived at Duncannon; and, having delivered his dispatch to the proper authority, he called on a cousin who belonged to the garrison, and proceeded with him to view the fort. Luke, however, loved whisky better than forty-pounders; and knew more of jugs, quarts, and glasses, than of bastions and parapets; and accordingly took an early opportunity of inviting his guide to Jack Rea's alehouse. The punch was excellent; and naggin followed naggin, until the roll of the drum warned the Buck's cousin that it was time to return to the garrison. Luke, who wished him to wait for another jug, bade him farewell with some reluctance; and then, mounting his horse, he quitted the town. There were two roads by which he might return home, but that over the Scar of Barristown was by many miles the shorter. Luke cast his eye up to the moon, which flung his shadow before him, not with the poetical intention of returning thanks for its 'silvery light,' but for the more useful purpose of ascertaining its position. He was not entirely ignorant of nautical affairs; and when he saw in what part of the heavens the luminary of night was situated, he said to himself, 'It is now over the gable-end of my father's barn, and of course the tide is out: I'll therefore cross the Scar, and call to see Peggy Roach before I go home.'

With this resolution he turned his horse to the right, and held his course through Tintern, which village he passed just as Mr. Colclough's abbey clock struck eleven. Apprized of the lateness of the hour, the Buck stuck the spurs into the sides of his horse, and proceeded at nearly a full gallop.

In a short time the screech of the

curlew, and the cry of the plover, assured him that he was near the Scar; and in a few minutes after the broad expanse of strand and water shone as white as silver beneath the beams of a declining moon. This sight relieved Luke from the few apprehensions of Sheeoges which now and again crossed his mind as he passed by lonesome places; and as he descended the steep hill which leads immediately to the Scar, he commenced whistling 'God speed the Plough.' 'Whistle and be sure of the Fairies,' was an observation he had often heard; and, thinking that he had done wrong, he looked about him to see if his imprudence had subjected him to any ill consequence. On the left side he saw nothing but the furze ditch; but, when he turned to the right, he was not a little startled by the presence of a horseman alongside of him. He thought he knew the rider; but no, it could not be him. No later than last night he saw the corpse of Peter Revel laid out in his own barn; and yet the person beside him wore the clothes and rode the same horse as his deceased neighbour! His 'fetch,' thought Luke. No, he is dead, and there could be no 'fetch;' it therefore must be his ghost. Horrible apprehension! He would have crossed himself, were he not prevented by the dread of ridicule; for, if the stranger turned out after all to be a mere man, the laugh of the parish would be heard at the Buck's expense. After snatching a few hasty glances at his strange companion, Luke ventured to break silence; but he had not uttered the first word of the usual salutation, 'God save you,' when a flash of lightning prevented his finishing it; and, ere he could proceed, the apparition asked, 'Fadie\* art thou goin?'

'H-o-o-me,' stammered out Luke, as he recognised the voice of Peter Revel.

'It is too late,' returned the other; 'you may as well stop with an ould neighbour for one night:' and he set off at full gallop—Luke's horse, in spite of his endeavours, following. When they came to the channel of the Scar the water separated; and

\* Where.

the Buck, to his great terror and amazement, found himself sinking into the earth, and thought he heard a noise over his head, as if the waves were closing above. But there was no time for reflection, one wonder was so quickly succeeded by another; and at the moment when Luke thought he was lost for ever, he found himself agreeably riding along a delightful road, apparently on a fine summer's day, though he could nowhere see the sun. In about half an hour, himself and companion entered an antiquated town, such as Luke never saw before; nor could he suppress a smile at the singular dresses of the people, as they passed in pursuit of either business or pleasure. A moment after, they alighted before a spacious mansion; and the Buck was welcomed by troops of ladies and gentlemen—all very strangely dressed, to be sure, but extremely polite. Their attentions were so flattering, and their manners so pleasing, that Luke forgot his situation, and entered without reluctance into the gaieties of the place. The viands that were set before him had a most delicious taste, and the fruits and flowers a bewildering perfume; but, above all, the whisky exceeded any thing that ever entered the Buck's lips before or since. It was so rich and mellow that it tasted like honey; and so strong, that it warmed like love. The very remembrance of it, ever afterwards, was sufficient to throw Luke into ecstasies; and he would drink it in imagination by smacking his lips, and showing by other indications the pleasure it gave him.

The tippler dreads nothing so much as old whisky, because it imperceptibly incapacitates him for protracted enjoyment; and the Buck was, in the bacchanalian phrase, soon 'done up' by the good spirits. He began to talk thick and loud, laughed immoderately, and at length tumbled under the table; from which position he was carried to a bed-chamber, all the time singing out in a most discordant key, 'The day we crossed the Water,' &c. &c.

When he awoke, he found himself lying on a bare rock, close to the tower of Hook, the spray dashing over him; and, without waiting to

recall the past, he made all possible haste from his disagreeable situation. When fairly on the dry strand, his tenacious memory began to embody the events of his late adventure; and, though his senses were a little bewildered, he did not forget his horse; which not finding, as usual, between his legs, he proceeded to walk, in his heavy cavalry boots, for his father's house at Duncormick. As he proceeded along the road, he was surprised to see no sign of any men stirring; while such women and children as he saw precipitately fled from his sight in terror and amazement: and, what was still more wonderful, he knew none of the females he met, though now within two miles of his native village. His surprise was soon increased when he heard the shout of war; and almost the next instant beheld the confused approach of a retreating army. They wore red coats, however; and this was a most cheering circumstance, as the Buck recollected with satisfaction that he had the honour to be a loyalist. With a bold front, therefore, he walked forward; and was not a little chagrined to find his fellow-soldiers staring at him, and laughing at each other. 'Who is he?' asked one. 'Cut him down!' cried another. 'Let the old rascal live!' exclaimed a third. 'Old!' said Luke, instinctively putting his hand up to his chin, which he intended to stroke with complacency, when a wild cry of horror proclaimed his anguish at finding twelve inches of beard hanging down upon his breast. The laugh of the soldiers at Luke's strange conduct was here interrupted by news from the rear; and they proceeded in great haste, making a cut of their swords at the poor Buck as they passed. These, however, he avoided; and, when the road was cleared, he proceeded towards Duncormick; but had not gone far, when a score pikes were presented at him. 'An Orangeman!' they exclaimed; 'pike him! run him through, the Protestant rascal! don't you see his regimentals?' and they were about putting their threat into execution, when Luke espied a school-fellow among his assailants, notwithstanding that he looked nearly twenty years older than when he last







THE RT REV<sup>d</sup> JAMES DOYLE, D.D.  
R.C. BISHOP OF KILDARE & LEIGHLIN.

*Drawn by J. C. Smith Engraved by R. Cooper.*

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saw him. Upon this person he called by name; and, with some difficulty, he made him understand who he was. The astonishment of all present was now extraordinary; and, when the Buck asked how was Peggy Roach, he was answered 'Very well' by a young man six feet high, who called himself her son. This was too much for poor Luke; and, with the intention of taking away his own life, he laid his hand on his sword, but found it detained in the scabbard by the

rust. A deep sigh was uttered, and, when an explanation was made after several hours' wonder, it was discovered that Luke had been a prisoner, in 'The City in the Sea,' for nearly twenty years, as a punishment for his contempt of the Shecooges; and that, during his absence from this world, the rebellion of *Ninety-eight* had been provoked and proclaimed, the Buck having encountered the royal army in its retreat from Wexford to Duncannon.

MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT REV. DR. DOYLE.

It is gratifying to see the respect which mankind, of every denomination, are ready to pay to the possessor of talents and virtue. Protestants have been, generally, foremost in their admiration of such men as Fennelon, Ganganelli, and O'Leary; whose conduct and writings have compelled the opponents of their creed to acknowledge that liberality and genius are not incompatible with the ecclesiastical character—even though that character should be Roman Catholic. Unhappily, bigotry and intolerance are not exclusively the attributes of any particular religion, being, we fear, largely infused into all; but, while we lament the circumstance, it is pleasing to find the redeeming qualities of our nature evinced, from time to time, by individuals of rank and genius, who rise above the littleness that surrounds them, and show to the world the genuine principles and beauty of Christianity. We look upon the subject of this memoir as one of these.

Of the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle, in his public character, we have spoken in our former Number; and have now only to furnish a few brief notices of his private life. The Doctor is, we understand, descended from a respectable family; and was born near New Ross, in the county of Wexford. From an early age he was destined for the sacred profession, preparatory to which he was sent to complete his studies at a college in Spain. These he had scarcely finished, when the ambition of Buonaparte threatened destruction to the Spanish empire; and in the national spirit which his unprincipled

conduct aroused Dr. Doyle participated. He, hastily changing the student's gown and cap for the helmet and the sword, joined the patriot ranks, and proved that a distinguished scholar can make a good soldier. On the expulsion of the French he returned to his native country, and was shortly after appointed professor of divinity in *Carlow College*. His talents, piety, and learning, soon acquired him the esteem and friendship of his brother clergymen; and, some years ago, he was chosen, without a dissenting voice, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, though then a very young man. At present he is the youngest of the Irish Roman Catholic prelates.

Dr. Doyle, we believe, even before his elevation to the prelacy, had published many articles in the Dublin and provincial papers: they appeared under various signatures, and related principally to subjects connected with religion. It was his reply, however, his masterly reply, to the very elaborate, but very bigoted, 'Charge' of Dr. Magee, the present Archbishop of Dublin, that first directed the public attention towards him as a polemical and political writer: in that reply every thing was finished and complete. We have been told that no man writes than the distinguished statesman who now governs Ireland gave it in his opinion that the archbishop had decidedly the worst of it: in point of diction, the young Catholic prelate was evidently his superior; and, as to theological research, and an intimate acquaintance with those writers that Churchmen call the 'Fathers,' there was no comparison.



THE REVEREND JAMES DOYLE, D.D.

OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, BOSTON.

*Portrait by James H. Paine, 1880.*

*Engraved by J. H. Paine.*



saw him. Upon this person he called by name; and, with some difficulty, he made him understand who he was. The astonishment of all present was now extraordinary; and, when the Buck asked how was Peggy Roach, he was answered 'Very well' by a young man six feet high, who called himself her son. This was too much for poor Luke; and, with the intention of taking away his own life, he laid his hand on his sword, but found it detained in the scabbard by the

rust. A deep sigh now escaped him; and, when an explanation took place, after several hours' wonder, it was discovered that Luke had been a prisoner, in 'The City in the Sea,' for nearly twenty years, as a punishment for his contempt of the Sheeoges; and that, during his absence from this world, the rebellion of *Ninety-eight* had been provoked and proclaimed, the Buck having encountered the royal army in its retreat from Wexford to Duncannon.

MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT REV. DR. DOYLE.

It is gratifying to see the respect which mankind, of every denomination, are ready to pay to the possessor of talents and virtue. Protestants have been, generally, foremost in their admiration of such men as Fennel, Ganganelli, and O'Leary; whose conduct and writings have compelled the opponents of their creed to acknowledge that liberality and genius are not incompatible with the ecclesiastical character — even though that character should be Roman Catholic. Unhappily bigotry and intolerance are not exclusively the attributes of any particular religion, being, we fear, largely infused into all; but, while we lament the circumstance, it is pleasing to find the redeeming qualities of our nature evinced, from time to time, by individuals of rank and genius, who rise above the littleness that surrounds them, and show to the world the genuine principles and beauty of Christianity. We look upon the subject of this memoir as one of these.

Of the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle, in his public character, we have spoken in our former Number; and have now only to furnish a few brief notices of his private life. The doctor is, we understand, descended from a respectable family; and was born near New Ross, in the county of Wexford. From an early age he was destined for the sacred profession, preparatory to which he was sent to complete his studies at a college in Spain. These he had scarcely finished, when the ambition of Buonaparte threatened destruction to the Spanish empire; and in the national spirit which his unprincipled

conduct aroused Dr. Doyle participated. He, hastily changing the student's gown and cap for the helmet and the sword, joined the patriot ranks, and proved that a distinguished scholar can make a good soldier. On the expulsion of the French he returned to his native country, and was shortly after appointed professor of divinity in Carlow College. His talents, piety, and learning, soon acquired him the esteem and friendship of his brother clergymen; and, some years ago, he was chosen, without a dissenting voice, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, though then a very young man. At present he is the youngest of the Irish Roman Catholic prelates.

Dr. Doyle, we believe, even before his elevation to the prelate, had published many articles in the Dublin and provincial papers: they appeared under various signatures, and related principally to subjects connected with religion. It was his reply, however, his masterly reply, to the very elaborate, but very bigoted, 'Charge' of Dr. Magee, the present Archbishop of Dublin, that first directed the public attention towards him as a polemical and political writer: in that reply every thing was finished and complete. We have been told that no less a critic than the distinguished statesman who now governs Ireland gave it as his opinion that the archbishop had decidedly the worst of it: in point of diction, the young Catholic prelate was evidently his superior; and, as to theological research, and an intimate acquaintance with those writers that Churchmen call the 'Fathers,' there was no comparison.

The doctor's 'Pastoral Charge,' published in 1820, attracted great notice. His admonitions to those misguided creatures, called Riband-men, did honour both to his head and heart; they were delivered in that happy, but simple, style, that all, even the most illiterate, could easily comprehend: and, if outrage and insurrection were fortunately crashed, it is to these admonitions, and to their influence upon the minds of the peasantry, that so desirable a result must be, in some measure, ascribed. The Government, aware of their utility, had them largely distributed through the country. He has since given to the public a 'Vindication of the Irish Catholics,' as well as some other pamphlets; and, latterly, a volume of 'Letters,' embracing a variety of topics, of which we have spoken in terms certainly commendatory, but by no means more so than their merit deserved.

On Dr. Doyle's evidence before

the committees of the Lords and the Commons it is almost unnecessary to offer a remark; his answering, as far as it has been published, has contributed to the promotion of liberal feeling, and achieved a complete triumph over the honest opposition of many members of parliament, who had hitherto opposed Catholic emancipation. Mr. Brownlow owned himself convinced, from the Doctor's testimony, that he had acted on opinions founded in misconception of the Catholic religion.

As a preacher he is not sufficiently known: those who have heard him in Dublin admire his language and his reasoning, but seem to think his manner rather cold: tastes vary so much, however, on matters of this kind, that it is dangerous to trust implicitly to report.

The present engraving is the only authentic portrait of Dr. Doyle ever published.

#### FANCY.

*By the Author of 'The Plagues of Ireland,' 'The Misanthrope,' &c.*

\* \* \* \* \*

FANCY bath fearful attributes!—they err  
 Who deem it a high gift derived from Heaven:  
 If such its origin, methinks 'twas sent  
 Amidst us more in hatred than in mercy.  
 Moments there are, perchance, in which its agency  
 May serve to shed a ray of sickly brilliancy  
 O'er spirits yet unruffled by calamity;  
 But who shall trace its influence when it works  
 Upon the gloomy-minded?—Who shall tell  
 Its power upon the pensive?—When anxiety,  
 Wild, hopeless, sleepless, unrelieved anxiety,  
 Shoots through the feverish brain, and brings the shadow  
 Of dread and dark despondency across  
 The sorrow-stricken sufferer's frenzied eye—  
 When the bare possibility of ill  
 Is doubtingly admitted, and the terrors  
 Engendered by conjecture crowd all heavily  
 Upon the troubled temper—in such moments,  
 Fancy, thy meteor light will lead to madness,  
 If the frail patient heeds it:  
 O'er every form and circumstance it flings  
 A dim unearthly glare, that renders hideousness  
 Thrice hideous! In such hours it merely makes  
 Deformity more fearful—still imparting,  
 Alike to death or life, or hope or wretchedness,  
 That tainted colouring which the sinking heart  
 Instinctively recoils from.



## GRATTAN NO PATRIOT.

[We should have little claim to liberality if we refused admission to such communications as the following : at the same time it may not be unnecessary to observe, that in this, as well as in all other instances, we are not responsible for the opinions of our correspondents. Our own we shall always express fearlessly and candidly but it would be too much to expect ; that we should pledge ourselves for those of others. The following, we are sure, will elicit a reply from some of our contributors :—]

MR. EDITOR—Pardon me, but your prospectus, which I only met yesterday, greatly amused me. In your endeavour to avoid the beaten track, you committed a most egregious bull ; pardonable, perhaps, in an Irishman, which I suspect you are, were it not calculated to lead the public astray. You say the principles of your work shall be those of ‘Grattan, Curran, and the others,’ &c. As ‘the others’ is a convenient term, I shall not quarrel with you for it ; but, in the name of goodness, how could you expect patronage by advocating the vacillating and anti-Irish principles of Grattan—a man who differs but little from the thousand others who have been enriched at the national expense ? I am well aware of the high-sounding epithets which precede his name ; but let us not be deceived by popular phrases, which are revered because they are not understood ; and which, like base metal, pass current among mankind till the counterfeit is detected. Grattan, in place of being lauded for doing so much, ought to be reprobated for not having done more. He that had it in his power to do all that his country could desire, yet preferred achieving only the minutest part, and even that not perfectly, neither merits praise for his patriotism nor thanks for his exertion.

In contemplating the past conduct of Grattan, I have always been at a loss whether to regard him as a bungling statesman or an insidious enemy of freedom ; so ruinous have been all his measures to Ireland. Swift, though he detested his country, was more her friend than Grattan ; and Lucas, without half his pretensions, was a greater benefactor to the nation : in fact, he was a patriotic pioneer, who cleared the way for his successors ; but they, under the guidance of your supposed champion, either wilfully avoided the road, or purposely diverged into a circuit-

ous path, and knocked at the postern-gate of the constitution when the front door was already open to receive them. If Grattan were sincere in his professions, posterity will hesitate to assign him a niche among those whose wisdom procured them the appellation of legislators ; for all his views were erroneous, and all his measures fraught with dangerous consequences. I speak, of course, of the period upon which his claim to national esteem rests ; though his friends, in witnessing the evil tendency of his mistakes, to call them by the mildest name, would blush to look that people, who enriched him, in the face, when they must be conscious that his presumption to legislate for them was the cause of their subsequent misfortunes.

In *Eighty-two* he produced the shadow of freedom, and flattered the people into the belief that it was the substance ; he had recorded as free those who were never in bondage ; but, with culpable neglect, he left the mighty portion of his countrymen in chains, though he made use of their strength and their numbers to effect his partial and pigmy object—the revocation of a single statute ! Yet this man has been called the liberator of his country,—the Solon of Ireland ! Democritus, were you then alive, how might you have indulged in laughter at a deluded nation and an inflated patriot !

I may be told that, in ejecting the Catholics from his constitution in *Eighty-two*, Grattan’s motive might have been good ; he might have thought that clogging his measure with their claims would have retarded or obstructed his designs ; and he might reasonably suppose that, when the Parliament should be free, the Catholics would be emancipated. But that he had no such idea is quite evident from the whole tenour of his conduct ; and, if such was his motive, it

only shows how miserably contracted must have been his understanding,—which, in either case, appears poor and puerile. Grattan is an instance of the danger of trusting a national cause to the advocacy of brilliant talents, when deficient in a directing judgment. His eloquence warmed the imagination of the people, and they regarded him with such an idolatry of veneration that his wisdom was considered immaculate; and to doubt the purity of his motives, was a kind of treason against the majesty of public opinion. His oratory and bold manner of speaking secured him the esteem of the public; and, by some artful manœuvres, he enlisted their passions in his behalf. With the public mind thus subjugated to his views, he marched irresistibly along, and whatever he chose to demand could not be withheld. But his views were contracted, and his mind was narrow; he was a party man, and contemplated more the humiliation of the Castle than the good of Ireland; he asked for an insignificant boon, which was quickly given, by those who rejoiced that he asked for no more; and he returned in mock triumph to the public with the repeal of the 6th of George I. The mob shouted, the people of Dublin rejoiced; and the credulous public, confiding their faith in the wisdom of Grattan, laid down their arms, once more submitted their willing necks to the yoke, and thought themselves free, until apprized of the contrary by the clanking of their chains. The amalgamation of the Catholics with their Protestant fellow-subjects could have been then so easily effected, and the time and circumstances so imperiously called for it, that the wonder is it was not accomplished. The reason can only be found in what I have already advanced—the credulous confidence of the nation in the patriotism of Grattan. What a subject of regret for Ireland! what an opportunity was there for ever lost! The neck of Faction was then upon the block, and the Genius of good feeling was about to give the blow; but Grattan warded off the stroke, and prolonged the existence of the monster. To this man's conduct are to be attributed the subsequent crimes

resulting from religious strife, and all the horrors of *Ninety-eight*, as well as the corruption of the Irish Parliament, and its total extinction; for, had the Catholics been emancipated in 1782, the fabric of the constitution had been perfect and its bond indissoluble, discord would have been banished from the country, and the people had continued unanimous, contented and free. But such a measure was too mighty for the genius of Grattan—a man whose views were too narrow for any comprehensive scheme of national good, and whose intellect was clouded with intolerance and bigotry.—Yes, Sir, Grattan a bigot, when minds less enlightened were liberal, and at a time, when the march of reason had nearly banished it from every nation, that pretended to information in Europe! America had set the example of enlightened legislation some years before; and the Irish volunteers had unanimously declared their abhorrence of the penal laws, and, in their famous resolutions at Dungannon, proclaimed the necessity of abolishing religious distinctions. Yet Grattan, in defiance of enlightened policy, and in contempt of public opinion, excluded his Catholic countrymen from his sham constitution; and, with an unaccountable infatuation, imagined that a few thousand Protestants should be considered as the Irish people. Mistaken notion! He lived to see his error; but, as he was never reproached with his criminal folly, he was shrewd enough to maintain silence on the subject.

I am amazed at the conduct of the Catholics in loading Grattan with favours. In *Eighty-two* the Protestant voice was in their favour, and their rights must have been granted had Grattan spoken a *single word* in their favour; but he remained silent in their behalf, though he knew well, or at least should have known, that, had he coupled Catholic emancipation with his much-talked-of measure, it would have been granted, and that the Union was necessary to give stability to the freedom of Ireland. To talk of Irish independence, while the Catholics were slaves, was to condemn reason, and insult the common sense of mankind. But the truth is,



Grattan, as well as his patron Charlemont, was a bigot in his heart; and, for ten long years after he pocketed the nation's money, he continued the uncompromising champion of *Protestant ascendancy*. Whoever doubts this has only to examine his anti-Catholic conduct, in 1791, and read his published answer to his constituents in 1792. Grattan became an advocate for Catholic emancipation when it was the only means left him of regaining his forfeited popularity; but, as a proof of his insincerity, it may be remarked that he never understood

the religious principles of those whose cause he advocated.

I am, Mr. Editor, a Protestant and an Englishman, and, of course, an advocate for the right of the subject; but really, when I see the Irish Catholics so excessively and unreasonably grateful—when I see them so thankful for false patriotism—I am inclined to think they neither understand nor appreciate liberty. Let Irishmen look to it; there are still many Grattans among them

A. B.

Carlisle, April, 1825.

TALES, BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.\*

FASHION, that ever-mutable goddess of dress, literature, and, we might add, politics, has lately given to Ireland an importance hitherto denied that kingdom. Her literature, her grievances, and even the superstition of her peasantry, have attracted much attention, and a large portion of English publications is devoted to these subjects. We have already commented on some of these, and, whatever their authors may think, have been more anxious to praise than censure, unless where glaring errors, or gross misconceptions called for reproof.

The Tales before us, we understand, are from the pen of Mr. Banim, and are not altogether unworthy the author of 'Damon and Pythias.' A rich vein of feeling and poetical fancy runs through all his descriptions, and bespeak the writer a man of no common genius. His characters are varied and well sustained, though some of them are depicted in colours rather improbable; but still they approach near enough to truth to reconcile us to the overwrought picture.

The first Tale, 'Crohoore of the Bill-hook,' though embellished with passages of great literary merit, does not please us as well as the second, which is an illustration of the popular notion of 'Fetches,' the nature of which our author very accurately explains. 'In Ireland,' says he, 'a Fetch is the supernatural fac-simile of some individual, which comes to

ensure to its original—a happy longevity or immediate dissolution: if seen in the morning, the one event is predicted; if in the evening, the other.'

The scene of this Tale of the Fetches is laid in the town of Kilkenny, of which, we believe, Mr. Banim is a native; and the principal actors in it are a Dr. Butler, Mr. Ruth, and his two amiable daughters, Maria and Anna. The first is betrothed to a young officer, named Mortimer; and the other to Henry Tresham, a student of Kilkenny College, who delighted in metaphysics, and the doctrines of the Rosicrucians. His lovely mistress soon imbibed his strange notions, and, while their friends were alarmed for their folly, both were thrown into the greatest confusion by having seen, at the same time, in different places, and at night too, the Fetches of each other. At first their distress was somewhat mitigated by the supposition that it had been a mutual imposition, and Tresham had instructed his servant Larry, a singular character, to ascertain if his mistress had left her father's house the preceding night: but Larry, who never told the whole truth, did not communicate all he had heard to the student, who allowed himself to believe it might be probable that what he had seen was Anna herself.

'In the midst of these reveries Tresham was, contrary to his own calculations, again surprised into a slumber. It was, however, but a light and fitful one, of that

\* Tales, by the O'Hara Family. London, Simpkin and Marshall, 1825.

kind which, while it crowds one half of our mind with rapid and vague chimeras, leaves the other half, if the terms may be so disposed, confusedly alive to a waking sense of place and surrounding objects. And in this state Tresham's eye (whether his waking or sleeping eye he could not himself determine) fixed on a pale figure that seemed to stand in the space of the open door of the chamber. Starting up, and now in the darkness of the night, which,—only relieved by one struggling ray of the rising moon, that obliquely shot across the apartment,—thickly surrounded him—better awake, though not entirely so, Tresham rivetted his eyes on the doorway. The single moon-beam struck through it, and, just as he turned his glance, lightened, he thought, over a flow of white drapery. He shrunk back; recovered himself, and looked again; but all was repose and blankness.

He issued through the door, and quickly descended to the exterior of the college. At an angle of the building, that turned towards the park, Tresham again caught the indication of a receding figure; and still he pursued. In the open space of the park nothing appeared, however; and, after some research, he was about to regain his chambers, when, as if it had arisen from the earth, or come down from the heavens, or formed itself out of the column of air that the previous instant filled its place, Tresham beheld, straight before him, the figure of his mistress. The decayed trunk of an oak partly flung off the moon-shine from her white drapery, and for one instant her altered eye communed with his: the next, and while he moved a step to greet her, she turned from him into the dark shrubbery, and became again invisible.

There could now be no further question as to the resemblance—but was it Anna, in reality? Tresham once more, and rapidly, brought to mind her parting jest; and, wildly hoping to be blest with the truth, rushed into the shrubbery, determined also to hasten, if she still evaded him, to her father's house.

The shrubbery had two paths: his mistress did not appear in either; and Tresham hesitated to choose that by which he should seek her. At length he took one at random, which terminated in a small circular space, over which the trees matted, and almost excluded the moon-light. In the centre, on a platform of fresh grass, was a monumental urn, erected to the memory of an esteemed professor of the college: and at the base of the urn he discovered a sitting, drooping figure, that seemed as if it had been designed and executed

with the marble; but Tresham knew it was an intrusion there.

Still he approached, and at about ten yards recognised Anna. Again she looked on him; but it was a look of vacancy; a blind, stony gaze, as if she had, indeed, been the inanimate thing he at first supposed her to be.

"Now, certainty or the worst!" cried Tresham: "my beloved! my life's blessing! Anna! speak, if it is you, and if you would not destroy me! speak! sickness and agony are together at my heart—feebleness is in my limbs—fear and horror are in the marrow of my bones!" He stood within almost touch; tears scalded his cheeks; his knees smote each other, and his hair stirred. "Speak!" he continued, "I implore you, in the name of the great God! save your wretched Harry!" He advanced another step, with intent to catch her in his arms, but his strength failed him, his eyes swam, a cold perspiration burst through his frame, and he fell, helpless and senseless, at the base of the urn.

While the unfortunate student was thus bewildered, Mr. Ruth's family had met in the drawing-room, and were momentarily in expectation of Tresham's arrival. A musical professor, of local celebrity, was amusing the company, when Anna requested him to play a small piece, of a supernatural cast, the words of which had been translated by her lover from the German.

The air was yet unfinished, when a low and shuddering scream escaped from Anna. She had been sitting with her eyes upon the far door that opened into the inner drawing-room; while she looked, it opened, and Tresham appeared standing beyond the threshold, dimly shown by the moon's rays that quivered around him. The music suddenly stopt, and all turned to Anna; and, when they saw the direction of her eyes, to the door; but, though she still gazed on it, the door was now shut, and no one could solve or surmise the cause of her exclamation. Maria approached her to ask a question, but, ere she had moved two steps, was arrested and fixed in her place by a piercing cry, that sounded from the upper part of the spacious old mansion; and in an instant after, Mrs. Catherine broke into the apartment, wild with terror, and crying out,

"Oh, my mistresses, my mistresses!"

"What's the matter? What has happened? Speak, speak!" said all but Anna, who still sat motionless and dumb, her



body and neck bent forward, and her eyes unwinkingly fastened on the remote door.

"Oh, my misthesses an' my masther!—he's comin'!—he's comin' down!"

"Who? Mr. Tresham? Why should his coming frighten you in this manner?"

"Och, not him, not him! for Larry left him sick at home in the collége!"

"Who then? who then?" pealed every voice.

"He—that is—not he!—Masther Harry—that is—not Masther Harry, but the other!"

"Ridiculous old woman; peace, and be gone, this moment!" said Mortimer.

"Ould!—why, then, my bould captain that's not in the laste foul-mouthed, we only wish you met him where I did! I tell your mighty great worship he cum in without lave from the dours or the doctor! I was just for turnin' up stairs to shut the windees, when he walked plump agin me in the dark, stalin' out, I think from Miss Anny's——" "Ah!"—she interrupted herself with another scream, and sunk on her knees, as once more the distant door got motion; and to the eyes of Anna and Mortimer alone the form re-appeared in the inner apartment; their situations, perhaps, allowing them a better view than any others in the drawing-room.

'The action of Anna at this moment was in itself frightful. Continuing her set gaze while the housekeeper spoke, she evinced, by a hissing of breath, and a creeping of the whole frame, her sense of the first motion of the door; as it slowly and silently unfolded, she as slowly and silently arose; nor when, to her apprehension, the figure became fully visible, did she start or speak, but with eyes, head, and neck, still set and protruded, her face tintless as the purest marble, and a moving of the mass of her beautiful black hair, stood, firmly grasping the back of the chair, in the spot where she had arisen.

'Almost at the same instant Larry entered at the near door, and holding out Tresham's note—

"Here's a bit of a billy-do from my——" Larry began; but looking aside—"tunther-an-ouns!—the ould boy an' his dam!—murther! murther!"—he vociferated; and, dropping the note, was rushing from the room, when Mrs. Catherine, still kneeling with her face hid in her hands, caught at his legs; this unseen and unexpected interruption made him delirious; and kicking and plunging, and with continued outcries, he dragged the dead weight of the housekeeper through the door; both thus escaping the scene of terror.

'Mortimer had scarcely become conscious

of the appearance, when advancing he said—

"Mr. Tresham, I insist on knowing what you mean by this worse than silly conduct?"—

"To whom does he talk?"—cried Maria, who from surprise, if not from fear, had shrunk with her back to the side wall, still without perceiving any thing—"Is Mortimer, too, infatuated and lost?"

"Stay where you are!"—said Anna, whom in his advance Mortimer had to pass, motioning at him with her hand behind her back, and speaking in that hoarse and emphatic whisper that, amid the raging of a sea-fight, is most used for command or exhortation, and, we are told, can be heard through the roar of a hundred cannons—"Stay where you are,—and I have yet a moment's breath and self-possession—the note, Mortimer!—Tresham's note! quick! quick!"

'Mortimer stooped and presented it: Anna tore open the seal, ran her eye over the contents, and, having staggered some paces to where he stood, fell with a heart-broken groan in her father's arms. Her mother and Maria hastily gathered around her; the performer left the house.

"Rash and ridiculous boy!" Mortimer continued, addressing the figure that now receded backward in the inner room—"what is your reason for this childish mummery? explain, sir, without another word! stand and explain! or draw, sir, draw!"

'He rapidly advanced with his naked sword: the door began to close: he dashed against it, and it shut. He drew back, hurled himself forward, and, bursting it open, gained the middle of the inside floor,—in an instant it shut again, and Mortimer was—alone—in the dark chamber.

"By heaven, I will find your ghostship!"—he exclaimed, rushing through a small door-way, that led, by back-stairs, into the garden, when he had ascertained that Tresham was not with him in the apartment.

'On the first landing-place, Mortimer again encountered the figure, still very indistinctly seen:—and,

"You shall, sir,—you shall answer me, and to all I ask of you, too!"—he continued, confronting, at some distance, the object of his pursuit. The moon, that had been clouded for a moment, broke through a small window over the pale features of Tresham, and Mortimer thought he perceived a frown on the otherwise passionless visage, while with solemn and freezing motion an arm pointed towards the garden.

'Mortimer, conceiving he understood the hint, replied—"aye—let us decide it there!—pass on, sir, to the garden!—you offer me a satisfaction without words?"—a nod seemed to assent—"agreed, then—on!—you have no sword?—no matter—my pistols are at hand—I will meet you in a moment!—pass on!"

'He ran up stairs, back again by the dining-room, to his own chamber, scarcely heeding the situation of Anna, who continued insensible, or the afflicted cries of the father and mother, for their child, or the now wild questions and exclamations directed to him by his mistress, who, in his rapid transit through the apartment, could not disengage herself from her sister. Snatching a light he met on his way, Mortimer gained his chamber, and unlocked or pulled open several trunks and drawers before he could find his pistols; then the time spent in charging them was agony to his impatient mind; but at last all was ready, and now avoiding the drawing-room he ran, by another way, into the garden.

'The garden was extensive, spreading from the back of the house to the edge of the Nore, which at this point was, although narrow, deep and glassy, "and scarcely seemed to stray." The moment he entered it Mortimer looked around, but no one was visible. He hastened down the main walk, and still found himself alone. He crossed and re-crossed by the smaller paths, disturbing the night-dew on the flowers and shrubs that clustered along his way, but still to no purpose. Again he stood on the principal walk, and, giving vent to the vexation and disappointment of his spirit, called out 'Coward! you are not here!—if you are, answer!—Tresham!—coward! are you here?'

"Here!" answered a distant and imperfect sound, rather than voice, which might have been the drowsy river-echo, half-awakened among the sedges and hollows of the opposite bank. Mortimer ran, however, in the direction from which it reached his ear. On the edge of the garden that overhung the water he thought he observed a man's form. He hastened his speed—it was gone. A movement of something on the opposite side challenged his eye. He looked across, through a slight fog, over an expanse of about thirty yards of water, and beheld, sufficiently distinguishable for general recognition, in the strong moon-light, the persons of Tresham and Anna, standing hand in hand. Mortimer's blood froze back to its source, and he suddenly retraced his steps to the house.'

The lovers now fell ill, and a deception was practised on them by

their friends. Anna was told Tresham had gone to Italy, and the student was informed his mistress would not see him. This caution, however, was of no avail: the poor distracted girl discovered the retreat of her lover; and, without the knowledge of her friends, flew to see him. She met him, in one of his walks, in a romantic dell, and there a mutual understanding took place. They confessed to each other what they had seen, and Anna rejoiced that she could not be parted, even in death, from the youth she loved.

'Tresham—as, under the impetus of a galvanic battery, a dead man might—started to his feet, and his eyes glazed and set on his mistress. The last change appeared. His jaws dropped—his throat rattled—he was falling—Anna sprang to support him.—

"It will happen!"—she said—"and now!—ha!—Tresham, look there, if you can!—there is the last calling."

'Tresham could not; nor did he hear her summons; but as Anna herself looked towards the waterfall, she saw, or thought she saw, through its thin sheet, as through a supernatural veil, two figures, the counter parts of her lover and herself, standing, hand in hand, together. The shade of Tresham seemed to point to the depth under the ledge where Anna and he stood.

"I understand it," she muttered.

'But now Tresham's struggle rivetted her attention. He gave two long sighs, with a long interval between each, shivered quickly all through his frame, and fell. Anna, clasping him close, fell with him—he was dead!

She caught the dead body by the arm, and dragged it to the water's edge, in the sight of her friends, who arrived too late to save her! She stepped on the void, and was dashed to pieces with her lover in her arms!

Mr. Banim, in these Tales, has shown himself thoroughly acquainted with the dialect spoken by the poorer classes, but, in his endeavour to give it accurately, he has made it sometimes obscure. There was no occasion to write *spake* for *speak*; *mooch* for *much*; *flure* for *floor*; *raison* for *reason*, &c.; nor does his spelling always convey any notion of the pronunciation. Thus, for potatoes he writes *phatoes*, which are always pronounced *pheates*, *pheaties*, or *prates*.